

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE! .see pg.12



Photo by Jerry Sebesta

94110

CA
SAN FRANCISCO

4278 24TH ST

DENNIS + JUDY FITZGERALD

0

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
HOUSTON, TEXAS
PERMIT NO. 9353

Space City!

Collective: Ernie Shawver, Karen Northcott, Jim Shannon, Susie LeBlanc, Thorne Dreyer, Bobby Eakin, Victoria Smith.

Advertising: J. Russell Noland, Randy Chapman, Mickey Montana.

Office Managers: Susie LeBlanc, Bryan Baker.

Circulation: Mad Turtle

News: Victoria Smith, Karen Northcott.

Features: Thorne Dreyer

Production: Jim Shannon, Ernie Shawver, Noelle Kanady.

Art: Bill Narum, Kerry Fitzgerald, Melinda Chapman.

Staff: Bryan Baker, Pearl Chason, Noelle Kanady, Vicki Gladson, Richard Atwater, Becky Noland, John Lomax, Gary Chason, Mike Zee, Eddie Reed, Beth Reed, Jeanne, Tom Hyliden, Jerry Sebesta, Ron Young, Sandra Wrye.

Space City! is owned and operated by the Lyman Padde Educational Project, Inc., a non-profit corporation. It is published weekly on Tuesdays, at 1217 Wichita, Houston, Tex. 77004. Office hours are 10 am to 5 pm, Mon. thru Sat. Phone is 526-6257.

Space City! is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS), Alternative Features Service (AFS) and Pacific News Service. Subscription rates are \$7.50 a year (\$5 for GIs), \$4 for six months, free to prisoners. Advertising rates upon request. Cost per copy: 25 cents.



SUBSCRIBE 1217 WICHITA

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

\$7.50/ ONE YEAR (\$5 FOR GIs), \$4/ SIX MONTHS, FREE TO PRISONERS.

DEVELOP COSMIC ENERGY

JOIN THE SPACE CITY 100 CLUB

you buy 100 papers for \$10 and get:

★ 10 FREE PAPERS...

★ FREE! PASSES TO MOVIES • SHOWS ETC.

★ JOIN NOW...

★ COLD HARD CASH! MAKE \$17.50 BY SELLING ALL 110...

★ GOOD VIBES..

PICKUP PAPERS AT THESE LOCATIONS!

SPACE CITY!
1217 WICHITA.
near hermann park...

SURF HOUSE
1729 W. 34th
across from waltrip..

BUDGET TAPES.
5330 W. BELLFORT
in westbury

TURTLE NEWS... 712 FAIRVIEW..

BUDGET TAPES
1312 College.
in South Houston

Sam Houston Books
in galleria

POTLUCK
3814 wheeler
near VofH

RAT HOLE
2474 TIMES
in the village

OF COURSE YOU DONT HAVE TO BUY 100 PAPERS. YOU CAN PICK UP FROM ONE TO TEN THOUSAND AT ANY OF THE ABOVE LOCATIONS AT MOST ANY OLD TIME... DROP BY..



Would This Man Blow Up A Transmitter?

by Karen Northcott and Victoria Smith

Jimmy Dale Hutto, 24 year old Klansman charged with conspiracy to bomb Pacifica transmitters in California, went to trial last week in federal district court.

By the time you read this report, the trial may well be over. But as of last Friday, both the defense and the government had rested their cases. Final arguments were scheduled to resume on Tuesday, Sept. 7, the day Space City! hits the streets.

Hutto, who was a chemical worker in Pasadena, is also charged with violation of the Federal Firearms Act. The prosecution contends that he illegally purchased weapons because the law states in part that no one who has been judged to be "mentally defective" can buy a gun. (Hutto has been twice committed to mental hospitals.) Hutto is also charged with making a false statement in order to buy weapons.

Hutto was arrested by federal agents Jan. 15, 1971, while he was allegedly en route to California to blow up the Pacifica transmitters in Los Angeles and Berkeley. Arrested with him were Russell Rector, Jr., 18 and Ronford Styron, 20. These young men have served as two of the government's star witnesses in the case. Although both are considered co-conspirators with Hutto, neither has been indicted by a grand jury.

The trial has been a confusing one, with contradictory testimony coming from all directions, embroidered with provocative tales from members of that mysterious organization, the United Klans of Amerika.

Our confusion was compounded as we sat and listened to hour after hour of entertaining but seemingly irrelevant questioning by the defense in particular, handled by J.B. Stoner of Savannah, Ga., and Philip Cyphers of Pasadena. By Friday we were beginning to wonder exactly what it was the defense was attempting to prove or disprove.

Amidst the daily parade to the witness stand of Klansmen, former Klansmen and FBI agents, sat Jimmy Dale, with his baby bulldog face, vacant stare and

balding head. He had just spent some eight months in county jail. A small man, Hutto looked even smaller in U.S. District Judge James Noel's huge courtroom, its churchlike atmosphere silent and reproachful. The judge himself, seated high above us all against a backdrop of marble, looked something like a Protestant minister with his black robes, white hair and austere paternal demeanor. Although this might have been a hot political trial, it would have taken a brave and foolhardy soul to disrupt Judge Noel's court. When a foolishly unsuspecting Space City! reporter (Karen) walked into the courtroom with her tape recorder, she was given a five minute lecture on proper courtroom conduct which, among other things, forbids even the presence of all reporting equipment except pad and pencil in the federal courtroom and the hallways.

SIX WOMEN, SIX MEN CHOSEN

The federal charges, in addition to the conspiracy charge, originally included five counts arising from Hutto's purchase of guns after having been adjudicated a mental defective.

The defense moved that the judge sever two of the gun counts against Hutto.

Those guns were allegedly purchased in April and July of 1970, a few months before the purported conspiracy to destroy the Pacifica transmitters is supposed to have begun.

Noel granted the severance of the two non-conspiracy related gun charges.

Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning were spent questioning the prospective jurors. This process, called *voir dire*, is an extremely important aspect of any criminal proceedings. It provides both the defense and the prosecution an opportunity, through the judge, to question the prospective jurors about their general feelings on the case.

The jurors were questioned separately, which makes it easier to bring out their prejudices or biases. The panel was scrambled, a move which prevents the possib-

Cont. on 4

HUTTO

Cont. from 3

ility of a stacked jury. The jurors were selected at random, through a lottery type process from a group of 40 potential jurors that had been called to jury duty Monday morning.

Noel proceeded to question them sternly on a range of questions submitted previously by the lawyers. He talked to them for several hours, describing their duties and the proper conduct to be followed in and out of the courtroom. He noted the volatile nature of the case and discussed the amount of publicity the trial had received in the papers and on the radio. He had them promise one by one that they did not have any prior information or preconceptions about the case.

He warned them severely not to read any articles or listen to any reports about the trial activities, nor to talk to anyone about any aspect of the trial. He asked them to report any harassment and said that witnesses would be "given insulation and protection."

Prospective jurors were quizzed about membership in the Socialist Workers Party, the Communist Party, the "Texas branch of the Peoples Party," the Ku Klux Klan, the White Citizens Council of America, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the National States Rights Party, the Minutemen, the Minutewomen, the American Nazi Party, the National Rifle Association or the White Citizens Council.

He asked where they were born and where they were brought up and if this would have any bearing on the case due to the fact that the Klan was involved. He asked their opinion on the right to own and bear arms.

Noel also asked if the nature of the case, it being a conspiracy charge, would have any bearing on their ability to render a fair and impartial verdict.

Six men and six women were finally chosen to determine the fate of Jimmy Dale Hutto.

BAUBLES, BANGLES AND KLAN FOLK

The courtroom was moderately full Tuesday, filled with reporters, Klansmen, relatives and supporters. Frank Converse, the Grand Dragon of the Texas United Klans of America, Klansmen Paul Moratto and Louis Beam and ex-Klansman Jerry Pierce were there to lend their support, for as Moratto later told us, "We could all be up for the same rap sometime. With such flimsy evidence we all might be charged with conspiracy someday."

Louis Beam told us that all the Klansmen felt that Hutto had been framed and that he (Hutto) knew the feds were on to him and the only reason he had taken that fateful ride out Katy was to see whose side Rector and Styron were on.

The women in the audience fascinated us. They were not what the women's magazines would call the average American woman. All features and accessories were exaggerated. Their hair was tinted or dyed, ratted in the hubble styles of the late fifties and early sixties. They spent a goodly amount of time tending their fingernails, which were polished in garrish hues.

Both men and women wore a great deal of jewelry; rings and watches seemed to have an inordinate amount of diamonds encrusted.

Tuesday afternoon the government presented its opening statement. Government prosecutors Ellis McCullough and Edward B. McDonald vowed to produce evidence to show that: 1) Hutto entered a conspiracy to destroy the transmitters of Pacifica stations in California, 2) Hutto recruited two others to help him, 3) Hutto made statements to the co-conspirators to induce them to help him destroy the transmitters, 4) Hutto admitted to the co-conspirators that he had participated in the bombing of at least one building in the Houston vicinity, 5) the co-conspirators withdrew and gave their information to federal agents who then began surveillance, 6) Hutto, at the time of his arrest, had a .45 caliber revolver in his possession and 7) the source of the gun shows that Hutto made a false statement in acquiring the gun.

The first witness the government called was Mrs. Jo Marks, National Pacifica Board member from Houston, who testified that there were indeed transmitters out there in California to be destroyed.

The first of the government's two star witnesses was Russell Rector. Rector, a husky blonde youth, was obviously well briefed in the ways of the courtroom. He knew and utilized the old lawyer's trick of asking to have the question repeated in order to gain time to formulate his response.

Rector testified that he had first met Hutto when the defendant came to his house to interview him in connection with Rector's application to join the Klan. He said that he had been given the application at a Pasadena rodeo and had decided to join after having discussed the matter with his parents.

He said that he had attended two Klan meetings with Hutto and Paul Moratto and had also met with Hutto some 30 times in addition to the Klan meetings. Rector testified that Hutto had told him that a .45 caliber pistol found wrapped in a purple towel in Hutto's car would be needed during the trip West. "When we would be driving across the desert, if we ran across any colored people or any Black Panthers, we will shoot them and kill them and take their money," he said Hutto told him.

Hutto also told him that they would need old clothes which could be thrown away after they had succeeded in blowing up the transmitters. He advised them not to worry about being caught because if they were there would be so much publicity that the police couldn't do anything to them.

He also testified that Hutto said he would prefer not to use dynamite because it makes too much noise and that "it liked to have got him caught the second time," referring to the second bombing of the Pacifica station here on Oct. 6.

Rector went on to testify that the Klan meetings he attended were "opened and closed" by Tommy N. Harrison, 1230 Hopper Road. Just before their arrest on Jan. 15, after a high-speed chase, Rector testified Harrison told Hutto that "he didn't want a slip-up like we had on the second job, and if he (Hutto) did, he would get eat up."

Rector said that he was driving Hutto's gold 1970 Plymouth Duster (well known to both Pacifica and Space City! staff members) as they left Harrison's house and headed for California. He acknowledged that he had informed the FBI of their departure time and their route. He said that he was driving 115 miles an hour to make sure the FBI agents would spot the car.

On cross examination the defense tried to discredit Rector's testimony, questioning his reason for speeding. "Didn't you go 115 miles per hour because Mr. Hutto told you to?" "Yes." "Did you think he was joking?" "Yes sir." "Then wasn't he joking about going to California?" "No sir, he seemed pretty bead strong about the whole thing."

Stoner again tried to discredit the government's witness in his questions pertaining to the number of times Rector and Hutto had met to discuss the bombing plot. Rector had testified earlier that he had met with Hutto some six times at coffeshops around Houston. (Hutto was afraid that the FBI had his car and house hugged.) When Stoner asked him whether he could give dates or list the names of the coffeshops where they had met, Rector was able only to name the "Dot cafe" and was unable to remember even approximate dates.

"OPEN AND SILENT" KLANSMEN

The defense recalled Rector to the stand Wednesday to have him go over his testimony concerning his visit to Tommy Harrison's house. Stoner asked him to remember what he had told the court the day before and then to remember what he had told the FBI minutes after his arrest.

Stoner, reading from what he led everyone to believe was a transcript of an FBI interview taken on Jan. 15, accused Rector of contradictory testimony. He questioned whether Rector had indeed heard Harrison say that "he didn't want any slipups like the second time . . ." or whether he had heard merely one word, "beam," as he had told the FBI minutes after his arrest. Rector later admitted that due to the confusion at the scene of the arrest he might subsequently have given false or misleading information to the FBI.

Upon government questioning, Rector said that he had gone with Hutto to buy a gun from Robert A. Schamber, owner of Discount Guns, 3201 Earl, but that he was too young to buy it himself. He said he gave Hutto \$20 which Hutto then gave to the dealer. He added that Schamber jokingly asked Hutto if he could purchase a gun legally. Schamber supposedly asked Hutto if he had ever been institutionalized or declared mentally incompetent. Hutto allegedly replied jokingly that he had never been declared mentally defective. Rector added that he had gone target shooting twice but the gun wasn't any good for that purpose so he sold the gun back to Hutto. (Schamber himself later testified that he properly asked Hutto all the necessary questions before selling him the weapon.)

The government's star witness said that he had decided not to go along with Hutto and that he and Styron called the FBI on Jan. 12, three days before they were to leave. He said that at no time did the FBI or anyone promise them immunity from prosecution.

A chilling insight to the minds of the two young men was provided when Stoner asked Rector, "You say Hutto was talking about killing blacks or Black Panthers along the way. Did you like that idea?" "I didn't give it much thought," replied Rector. "What did you think about blowing up the transmitters?" "I didn't like that idea," he answered.

Wednesday afternoon the government introduced its second star witness, Ronford Styron. Styron, a childhood friend of Rector's, appeared more ill at ease and less sure of his courtroom demeanor.

Under questioning by the prosecution Styron outlined how Hutto unsuccessfully tried to recruit him as an "open or silent member" of the Klan.

He quoted Hutto as saying that silent members were guerillas who "wouldn't hesitate to do anything, from shooting a Black Panther or blowing up something." Both the government witnesses made repeated references to the shooting of Black Panthers in the desert.

Styron concurred with Rector's testimony concerning Tommy Harrison and the overheard conversation with the reference to the second Pacifica bombing. He also said that he had the impression that they were being charged with conspiracy in order to protect them from Klan harassment and that the charges would be dropped later. He said he had gained this impression shortly before the arrest.

FBI AGENT SAYS NO PRIOR AGREEMENT

On Thursday, the prosecution called Dr. H. Wayne Glatfelly to the stand. Glatfelly is a U.S. Public Health Service psychiatrist at the federal hospital in Springfield, Mo., where Hutto was sent by the court shortly after his arrest to determine whether he was mentally competent to stand trial. At the time of his commitment, which extended for 90 days, Hutto's attorney, at that time ACLU lawyer David Berg, fought the motion and vigorously protested what he called excessively high bail — \$100,000.

(Berg, who is often found defending longhaired rebels with leftist inclinations, removed himself from the Hutto case after Stoner was hired. Although Stoner and Hutto both said they wanted Berg to stay on as the local attorney, Berg stated that he could not sit at the defense table with Stoner, whose politics, he said, "are slightly to the right of Hitler's." Stoner has long been associated with right wing causes and is a self-avowed anti-Semite.)

Cross examination of Glatfelly seemed purposely staged for comic relief. Stoner's questions ranged from "Do psychiatrists ever lose their temper?" to "Doctor, have you ever heard of the ink blot test?" (After this last question, to which Glatfelly naturally replied "yes," Stoner picked up a piece of paper, dabbed some ink on it and began asking the doctor questions about his "ink blot test.") Stoner's line of questioning afforded Glatfelly the opportunity to deliver a layman's lesson in basic psychiatry, and we all picked up interesting bits of information like, psychiatrists have the highest rate of suicide among all categories of doctors.

Glatfelly did manage to wedge in a few hits of pertinent testimony, however. He told the court that reports showed Hutto was not insane, neither at the time of his arrest nor some weeks prior when he was alleged to have made his illegal gun purchase but he did exhibit "personality disturbances with schizoid tendencies." When asked to clarify this diagnosis, Glatfelly patiently explained it meant that Hutto was "shy."

The last witness called by the government was Edward B. Stork, an agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and one of the officers who arrested Hutto. Stork cut a quietly impressive figure on the witness stand. After 20 years with

the FBI, he was definitely together. His thin, gray face sparsely splotted with areas of red looked a trifle weary, but his cool was unshakable, and he answered questions with absolute precision.

Stork's testimony was almost as intriguing as his appearance. He told the court that there had been no prior agreement between himself and Rector and Styron granting them immunity if they aided in Hutto's arrest.

Stork said that Rector (and he emphasized *Rector*, not Styron) had called the FBI office on Jan. 12 and sketchily outlined the plans. He said that he had not known of Styron's involvement until Jan. 14, the day before the arrest, when he went to Rector's house to interview the youth. He said that Styron was there, but that he was not considered "part of the group" at that time.

Stork also said Rector had told him that all he could hear Hutto and Harrison say, in that controversial conversation at the Harrison home, was the word "beam." (All concerned appeared to assume that this word signified not a sun beam or a roof beam, but a *Louis Beam*, another Klan member currently under indictment with Hutto for allegedly bombing the local Pacifica transmitter last October.)

Stork said neither Rector nor Styron mentioned to him hearing the longer, more incriminating snatch of conversation which both youths testified they had overheard.

In cross examination, the defense questioned Stork as to whether he could have possibly forgotten about making some prior deal with Styron and Rector. The object here, it seems, was to discredit the two youths by showing that they had betrayed their friend Jimmy Dale (surely even a jury dislikes a fink) or by showing that they had lied.

But Stork was adamant. There had been no prior agreement. He said he wouldn't have forgotten such an agreement, because he, as a mere agent, couldn't have made it in the first place. There was just no way to impeach the testimony of special agent Stork.

As Stork left the stand, the government rested its case.



Jimmy Dale Hutto at the federal building accompanied by FBI agents shortly after his arrest Jan. 15, 1971. Photo by Gary Thiher.

"THE COMMIES ARE TAKING OVER EVERYTHING!"

The first witness called by the defense was John Riley Hutto, Sr., Jimmy Dale's father. Hutto, Sr., a nice-looking, elderly gentleman, took his place on the witness stand clutching a box of kleenex.

Hutto, Sr., told the court that his son had visited his parents in Orlando, Fla., on Jan. 11, 1971, at which time Jimmy Dale told them he was going to Mexico "to have a little fun and to buy his mother a present." He said no mention was made of a trip to California. Hutto, Sr., appeared very sad and had he been permitted to stay on the stand much longer he might have created quite a poignant scene in the courtroom.

During a recess Thursday afternoon, one of us (Victoria) attempted to talk with Jimmy Dale. He was the only person in the courtroom, except for a few spectators, so I walked up to the defense table and asked him (not anticipating an answer) what he thought about the trial. He said, of course, that he wasn't permitted to make any statements, "although I'd like to say something," he added. For lack of anything better to say, I asked Hutto how he'd been for the last eight months. He smiled a feeble, spacey smile and stared intently at a far wall. He seemed so forlorn at that moment I was just about to say that I thought he was being framed when I heard a woman's voice tearfully saying, "Why can she go talk to him when I can't? I've been a friend of his for years." I looked across the railing and saw a dark haired, heavy set woman with short furry arms and huge sunglasses which she wore over her regular spectacles. She was clearly distraught, and the deputy marshal, who was standing way over on the other side of the courtroom mumbled something about "news media."

Hutto turned to me and said, "Are you a reporter?" I nodded. "Where are you from," he asked. "Space City!" I said. An inscrutable look came over his face and he said abruptly, with a broad grin, "Well, I can't make any statements, but as long as you ask, I've been *fine* for the last eight months." The deputy marshal, whom I doubt realized I was from Space City!, politely said, "Miss, would you please step on the other side of the railing?" I politely complied. Everyone is terribly polite in the federal courtroom, even deputy marshalls and Space City! reporters.

I tried to tell the woman who was so upset that I had made a mistake, that

apparently no one was allowed to talk to the defendant. "Are you from Pacifica?" she sniffled. "No, Space City!" "Oh, I thought so," she said. "They'll let you people do anything you want to in the courtroom. The commies are taking over everything," she added, her voice rising in despair, and she fled the courtroom in tears.

RECTOR CLAIMS HE WAS THREATENED

The Thursday session ended with testimony from Tommy Harrison, a dark man, handsome in a 1950s mode, who vibrates with *machismo*. He identified himself as the former Exalted Cyclops of the Texas UKA and former president of Unit no.3, the local Klan chapter. Harrison said that while he was a member of the Klan at the time of Hutto's arrest, he had since been kicked out, although he didn't elaborate on the reasons for his expulsion.

His testimony also contradicted that of Rector and Styron. In what appeared to be the most cogent thing the defense had done all day, Cyphers elaborately attempted to prove that Rector and Styron couldn't have possibly overheard any portion of the conversation between Harrison and Hutto, which Harrison said took place in his home about 6:30 p.m., Jan. 15, only a few hours before Hutto's arrest.

Harrison said that he had no knowledge of the alleged bomb plot and that while he and Hutto had talked over Klan business that day, they had discussed nothing confidential.

Harrison opened the next day's session, and concluded his testimony. He was followed by defense witnesses Frank Converse, Rector, Louis Beam and Hutto. Converse delivered his customary line about how the Klan was a law-abiding organization which did not believe in violence.

Then Rector took the stand, this time called by the defense. Hutto's attorneys were apparently trying to get Rector to admit that he aided in Hutto's arrest in order to collect reward money offered by the Houston Post Public Protector for the bomber or bombers of the local Pacifica transmitter.

Instead, Rector came up with the startling statement that he and Styron had received a call sometime after the arrest from an unidentified man who threatened to kill them for tipping off the FBI. He said that he and Styron were afraid for their safety and that of their families. Rector testified that he and Styron had spent part of February in two downtown hotels because of the threat.

At this time, Noel repeated his warning that there would be no harassment of witnesses as long as the trial was in session and that harassment could result in contempt of court charges. It was reported that Rector and Styron had been subjected to minor harassment during the trial.

Hutto took the stand in his own defense, stating that he had not taken part in any plans to bomb Pacifica transmitters either here or in California. He did admit quite candidly in cross examination that he had lied to some doctors about his commitment to the San Antonio State Hospital in 1965. He said he told doctors at Springfield that he had feigned insanity in 1965 to keep from going to jail for a minor offense. Hutto was also committed to the Austin State Hospital in 1966.

He said he lied to the doctors because he had heard that if doctors at a federal hospital find a person mentally incompetent to stand trial, that person could be kept at the hospital for several years.

Hutto's testimony, particularly in regard to his political activities, was cautious. But Beam rushed in where Hutto feared to tread.

BEAM SAYS HE SURVEILLED SPACE CITY! OFFICE

Beam first stated that he had no knowledge of the proposed trip to California, although he said he was Hutto's roommate at the time of the arrest. He also echoed Converse's testimony that the Klan was a law-abiding organization.

Then he was questioned about an incident that took place Oct. 29, 1970, in which Houston police arrested both him and Hutto near Blodgett and Caroline for driving at night without headlights. (Police reportedly uncovered a number of weapons and other suspicious material in the car, including a can of gasoline which Hutto was carrying on the floor of the car between his legs.)

Beam said that the two were in the neighborhood that night for the purpose of watching the Space City! office, which is located a few blocks from the site of their arrest. Beam described Space City! as "a local underground communist newspaper published here." He said he had been keeping an eye on Space City! and other leftist organizations for some time, and had frequently turned over information on these groups to the Houston Police Department. He mentioned the Socialist Workers Party and the Students for a Democratic Society as two other organizations that had piqued his patriotic curiosity.

When asked whether he considered the local Pacifica radio station to be a communist organization, he paused and then said, "I think they are attempting to influence young people like me in the direction of communism."

(In addition to his indictment for the second Pacifica bombing, Beam, along with Pete Lout, is under indictment for last year's bombing of the Socialist Workers Party headquarters.) There was some discussion as to whether Beam's indictment for the Pacifica bombing was admissible as evidence, and it was finally decided that it was, for a limited purpose.)

In cross examination Beam was questioned about the possibility of his having "any vital self interest in regard to your answer" about his stated ignorance of the alleged California bomb plot.

After a good deal of "I-don't-understand-your-question-sirs," Beam said that his indictment might give him some motive for prevarication, but he declared emphatically that he was telling the truth.

What came out most strikingly in Beam's testimony, however, was his intense anti-communism and self-righteous patriotism; his statements to that effect were more often volunteered than solicited.

Beam is a short, dark, nervous young man who carries himself in almost military posture. He is a Vietnam Veteran and said he has received a number of decorations, including the Distinguished Flying Cross and multiple Oak Leaf Clusters. He has also been a very active member of the local Klan unit, and is well known to the members of the groups he says he has been surveilling.

Beam was the final witness in the trial. We are now awaiting final arguments. If convicted, Hutto could receive up to 12 years in prison and a \$25,000 fine. If you're eagerly awaiting an incisive Space City! analysis of this trial, tune in next week. We'll have a more complete picture after we know the verdict.



Hundreds of kids returned to school only to be sent home for violation of school hair and dress codes.

And while the students were "denouncing their principals as hopelessly reactionary, their student bodies as hopelessly apathetic and their district's code as hopelessly archaic," (see "Dress Code Blues," Space City! Vol.1, No.13) the conservative members of the Houston School Board were wailing about how "discipline has just gone out the window. The children are running the district," as Mrs. H.W. Cullen put it.

The lack of discipline in the Houston area schools is among the latest reasons cited by the conservative members of the school board in an effort to justify their firing of School Superintendent George Garver.

Additional reasons for Garver's dismissal cited by the minority board members include declining reading levels within the district, low morale among long-time district employees, mishandling of personnel matters, liberal domination of the school board and refusal to take Leon Everett seriously.

Everett, sole black on the school board, swung his vote to win Garver's dismissal as he did to win Garver's appointment in June, 1970.

Everett has come under a great deal of fire concerning his role in the dismissal. Editorials in the dailies and in the black community papers have all condemned the firing and Everett's

part in it.

About 300 blacks gathered at Texas Southern University last week to discuss Everett's vote. Everett had been invited but did not attend. His non-appearance angered many in the black community.

Everett's controversial vote involved Garver's handling of personnel matters concerning two black administrators.

Everett's stated reason for his vote was that Garver didn't immediately secure a personnel report on Lincoln High School principal Elwood Piper that Everett had demanded. Garver said it was in a locked vault and was inaccessible.

Everett said that he had previously asked Garver for a copy of the report on the case, but that Garver had failed to give him the report. Garver said that a copy of the report was available to any board member at the school office.

Everett was angered at the handling of the Piper case because Piper had succeeded Everett's friend, Arthur Huckaby, as principal of Lincoln. Garver had recommended Huckaby's dismissal following an auditor's report that Huckaby had mishandled funds from school soft drink machines.

Everett then joined with the three minority members who overruled Garver and retained Huckaby, now a central office administrator.

Piper was later reprimanded and put on a year's probation by Garver

for allegedly permitting Distributive Education students to work in the school cafeteria and allowing their paychecks, which he endorsed, to go into the DE activities fund. Everett said that Garver should have brought the matter to the attention of the board and his failure to do so exhibited unequal treatment of Huckaby and Piper.

Garver contends that the situations were different, because one involved dismissal and the other merely a reprimand.

The conservative members of the school board — Mrs. H.W. Cullen, Dr. Ed Franklin and J.W. McCullough — rallied to Everett's defense, charging that the Houston media is trying to "crucify Everett because he had the guts to vote his own convictions."

Dr. Ed Franklin said that two things in particular bothered him about Garver's performance: discipline and a study reported in the Houston Post on the decline of reading levels within the district.

Franklin also charged that Citizens for Good Schools, the group that backed the liberals (George Oser, Mrs. James Tinsley, Leonard Robbins and Everett) controls the Houston news media.

Everett was elected as a member of the liberal school board slate, along with Tinsley, Oser, and Robbins. The new majority wrested control of the seven-member board from a conservative majority that, except for



two years in the 1950's had ruled the local schools for more than three decades.

Mrs. Cullen called the split between the liberals and the conservatives as that of "fundamental education as opposed to progressive education."

Among the progressive ideas which Garver implemented are the reorganization of the district creating six area superintendents, making full use of the Volunteers in Public Schools, ungraded classrooms, and the creation of the first performing arts high school in Texas and of a Community College.

Garver has said that the only way he will get back his job as school superintendent will be through reinstatement by the present school board, which fired him, or through rehiring by the school board at a later date.

He said that his legal advisors have advised that appealing to the Texas Education Agency or through the District Court "probably will not yield reinstatement."

The school board approved spending \$83,000 to buy up the remaining two years of Garver's contract. Twenty per cent of that is to be withheld for federal income taxes. He will also be covered by a \$100,000 life insurance policy paid for by the district for the remainder of the contract period.

The \$83,000 which the school district is paying to buy up Dr. Garver's contract would buy: 691,000 free lunches, 20,750 library books, 6,916 new desks, 104,000 reams of paper or 4,150 field trips for 249,000 students.

How to Avoid

National Parks Rip-Off

by Kenny Zapp

Nature freaks heading toward the National Parks ought to heed the Boy Scout's motto — be prepared — not for the hazards of the wilds but for the National Park Service rip-offs.

Recent price increases have made extended park visits prohibitive for common folk. For just being in the park, each car or bike is charged \$2 per day. This does not cover camping charges. To camp in a designated area, each group of one to six people is charged an additional \$3 per night.

Overnight back-packing and camping outside designated campsites are allowed but discouraged by compelling campers to acquire special fire permits each day from park rangers. These permits must specify exact location of fires. Few campers want to go to the trouble of finding a ranger every day they are off the main trails and most cannot anticipate exactly where they will bed-down until they get there.

The camping fee supports maintenance of developed campsites. Americans don't really camp out in national parks: they take the suburb to the

woods. In their campers and trailers they tote every imaginable modern convenience along with them. At the campsites they use redwood picnic tables, fire places, running water and bathrooms provided by the Park Service. Our site in Yellowstone felt more like a mobile home park than Smokey the Bear's habitat. It was probably the most densely populated area of Wyoming.

Nevertheless, plastic America has not destroyed all nature's beauty. What remains unspoiled may be experienced inexpensively if the system is understood. Some suggestions:

* A Golden Eagle Pass costing \$10 good for entry to all national parks during one year can be purchased to avoid the daily \$2 fees. These passes should be RECYCLED . . . passed on among friends or resold in tourist trap towns that border all large parks. Identification of pass carrier is rarely checked.

* If resold passes are not available and \$10 is unthinkable, the entry ranger will have to be jived. He will ask you how long you will be in the park and charge you \$2 for each day. He won't understand that you don't know how long you will be there until

you are there. Tell him only one day and pay the \$2. Stay as long as you want and remove the daily sticker. Rangers will assume you have the Golden Eagle pass since most people keep these passes in their wallets or purses and not on display on cars. Any confrontation can be resolved by claiming car trouble.

* Better yet — leave your car in a border town and hitch into the park. While some Yellowstone rangers hassled hitchhikers, others in The Grand Tetons and Rocky Mountain Parks offered no resistance. Also — after 4:30 p.m. no entrance fee is charged for the rest of the day.

* Camping fees can be avoided by sharing campsites. Travel through the campsite area and ask friendly campers to share their sites with you. Limit of six people per site is enforced only if accumulation of vehicles invites ranger attention. Excess vehicles may be left in general parking areas. Freaks always have room for additional sleeping bags but a proliferation of tents may be rejected. Yellowstone had more than its share of middle American trailer campers. The Tetons had friendlier people — especially in the Jenny Lake area. In the Rocky Mountain Park the Fall River Road campsite uniquely prohibits use of trailers

and campers so inhabitants — the true campers — are considerably more receptive than counterparts elsewhere.

* If you plan a long stay in a park, arrange to have a friendly campsite occupier turn the site over to you when he leaves. About 9 a.m. site vultures descend and normally fill the area by early afternoon. Turn your site over to another friend.

* Do not buy anything inside the park. Prices are absurd . . . especially for gas and food. Try to load up before you reach the park. Border towns are also rip-offs. Most friendly border areas are Wilson, Wyoming — just south of the Tetons and west of Jackson and Grand Lake — on the west entrance of Rocky Mountain Park.

All the parks are beautiful if you travel the foot trails and escape the tourists. Yellowstone was most crowded of those visited. The Tetons are mind blowers — powerful beyond description. In the Rockies a journey over Trail Ridge Drive and hikes around Bear Lake are necessary. These natural wonders should be open to everyone — regardless of ability to pay. Spread the word.

Justice Meted Out....

Hanrahan Indicted

by Karen Northcott

In the pre-dawn hours of Dec. 4, 1969, Fred Hampton, 21, chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party, was shot and killed in his bed by Illinois State's Attorney's Police.

On Tuesday, Aug. 24, 1971, State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, political protege of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley (the man who brought you the Battle of Chicago) and 13 others were indicted on charges of conspiracy to obstruct justice. James Conlisk, Chicago police superintendent and five others were listed as co-conspirators.

The indictments accuse Hanrahan and the others of "unlawfully, willingly and knowingly destroying, altering, concealing and disguising physical evidence by planting false evidence and by furnishing false information."

The indictment doesn't specifically deal with the attack, in which Hampton was killed in his bed while he slept and the West Side Chicago apartment was riddled with bullets. It accuses them of collecting evidence solely to prove the police version (which claimed the Panthers had engaged them in a long running battle), carrying on false and inflammatory publicity (such as Hanrahan's frequent press conferences lauding the police and feeding false information to the Chicago Tribune), perjuring themselves before several previous investigators and using evidence Hanrahan knew to be "false and inflammatory" to get indictments against the Panther survivors.

Hanrahan, of course denied any guilt and immediately began efforts to have the indictments squashed on the grounds that special prosecutor Barnabas Sears had "intimidated" the jurors and that the statute of limitations had expired. He has refused to step down from office pending any decision.

All the other accused conspirators, including eight of the 14 raiders, an assistant state's attorney and police who supervised the crime lab investigation of evidence and the internal investigations division review of police procedure in the raid, are still on active duty. Police Supt. James Conlisk, a Daley appointee who was named as co-conspirator but not indicted, remains in office.

Hanrahan, upon hearing the indictment read against him, said, "I have done nothing wrong." Mayor Daley asked, "Where's the obstruction of justice?"

To begin with there were the murders of Fred Hampton, deputy chairman of the Panthers, and Mark Clark, Panther defense captain. Four other Panthers were wounded in the raid on Hampton's apartment one block from the Illinois Black Panther Party Headquarters.

The police version would have us believe that Hampton was killed after police tried to enter the house with a search warrant and were met by a "hail of bullets." Then they would have us believe that during a gun battle that "must have gone on for 10 or 12 minutes" with "six or seven of them (Panthers) firing," only two policemen were slightly injured — one cut on the hand by flying glass, another shot in the leg, apparently by a fellow raider.

The official version continues in the words of Sgt. Daniel Groth, State's Attorney's Police, leader of the raid: "I knocked on the front door and someone asked 'who's there?' I identified myself as a police officer and said I had a warrant to search the premises. I got no response. I repeatedly demanded entrance for several minutes. Then I forced the front door with my shoulder. It was only a light touch. As I entered the darkened apartment, I saw a girl on a bed holding a shotgun. As she fired the gun, Detective Duke Davis and three others fell to the kitchen floor."

In New Orleans

NCCF Members Acquitted

NEW ORLEANS (LNS) — "Power to the Judge!"; "Power to the Jury!"; "Power to the People!" rang out over the courtroom at the end of the trial of 12 members of the local chapter of the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF), the organizing arm of the Black Panther Party in the area. The jury of 10 black and two whites, selected in three weeks, took only 31 minutes to unanimously acquit the 12.

"It didn't take us the whole 31 minutes," said Perry Gardine, a black juror. "The bulk of the time we spent determining what the statement should say."

The 12 chapter members had been charged with attempted murder following the surprise attack on their headquarters by New Orleans Police last September. The police claim they had gone there to serve an arrest warrant on a number of chapter members following a trial of two undercover agents by a people's jury.

The two agents — Israel Fields and Melvin Howard — escaped and in the early hours of the next morning a huge force of New Orleans police re-

turned. "And how did they come?" asked defense attorney Ernest Jones in his summation. "They came with tank, with war wagon (armored car), with helicopter, with AR-15s, with hundreds and hundreds of guns, with thousands and thousands of rounds of ammunition, they came to search for a pot." The prosecution claimed that the two undercover agents had been assaulted with an aluminum pot by one of the defendants, Tyrone Edwards.

The judge, supposedly chosen by lot, was black. Many of the white people who came up for jury duty seemed desperately eager to get out of having to serve. Many claimed they were prejudiced. The defense used up about 30 pre-emptory challenges on prospective white jurors who wanted to serve as their patriotic duty. The prosecution used over 40 challenges trying to eliminate many of the black jurors.

The Panther headquarters was located in the all-black Desire Housing projects — probably the worst ghetto in the city. It is an island — surround-

A Chicago Seed reporter at the time, Marshall Rosenthal, didn't go along with that story. He reported: "I went to the apartment at 5 o'clock p.m. on Dec. 4, 12 hours after the slaying. Sgt. Groth is lying. He said he forced the door open, was met by gunfire, then four of his cohorts fell to the kitchen floor.

"Fact: the front door opens into the front room.

"Fact: the kitchen floor is in the kitchen which is in the back room!

"Fact: the front door shows no evidence of having been forced.

"Fact: there is a bullet hole in the front door, which was made by a bullet entering the front room. (Fired after the 'hail of gunfire' that met the police and left no mark whatsoever on the door?)"

"Bobby Rush, minister of defense of the Illinois Black Panther Party reported that a witness to the raid said he heard a knock on the front door. Someone in the apartment asked, 'Who's there?' 'Tommy' was the reply. Then a gunshot ripped through the door and into the front room.

"Rush called it 'another search and destroy mission . . . this vicious murder of Chairman Fred and Clark was implemented by that dog Nixon and Hanrahan and all the rest of the pigs. Hampton never fired back when the pigs came into the back room and shot Fred in the head. He couldn't have fired back because he was asleep.

"If the Panthers had as many weapons as the pigs said they have and if they had fired them, there would have to be evidence those weapons were fired."

There was absolutely no evidence in the apartment that the Panthers had returned the fire. All the evidence pointed the other way. There was the one bullet hole going into the front door. There were nine bullet holes in one wall, and 14 bullet holes in another wall. The last set of holes was from bullets which were shot through that wall from an adjoining bedroom.

Then there was the place that Fred died — a mattress soaked with blood and riddled with bullet holes. And then there was the place Mark Clark died — behind a door. (Not exactly the place to be if you are taking part in a 10 or 12 minute running gun battle.)

Four other Panthers were wounded and taken to the hospital.

Those four plus three more were arrested for attempted murder.

The police gave their version and Panther spokesman gave theirs, and it might have ended right there.

There were the usual cries from the radical and black communities of "police brutality" and questioning of what really happened but this time they were joined by the liberals and the media. The New York Times and the Chicago Journalism Service challenged the official police version.

But the questions multiplied and no one was satisfied with the answers.

The apartment had been left open and thousands of people walked through it before the Cook County Coroner ordered the apartment sealed on Dec. 17, 1969.

The first of many investigations of the raid was already in progress.

Another began on Dec. 19, when the Justice Department announced it would convene a special federal grand jury to investigate the case. The announcement

Cont. on 21

ed by a highway and a canal and completely cut off at night from the rest of the city. The defense witnesses were all residents of the project who had prevented an earlier raid on the Panthers from happening and hidden at least three other Panthers who were sought by the police after a raid as well as nursing another one who had been wounded.

Mrs. Virginia Parish described the "gang of bullets" that followed the first shot from a group of policemen two blocks away from the Panther office. Her neighbor, Mrs. Virginia Johnson, mother of 10, described how a policeman told her she was safe in her home since she wasn't in the line of fire. "Just then," she declared, "one of the officers turned and fired at me." Resident after resident described police shooting into their apartments. One woman described how she saw a man shot from a helicopter.

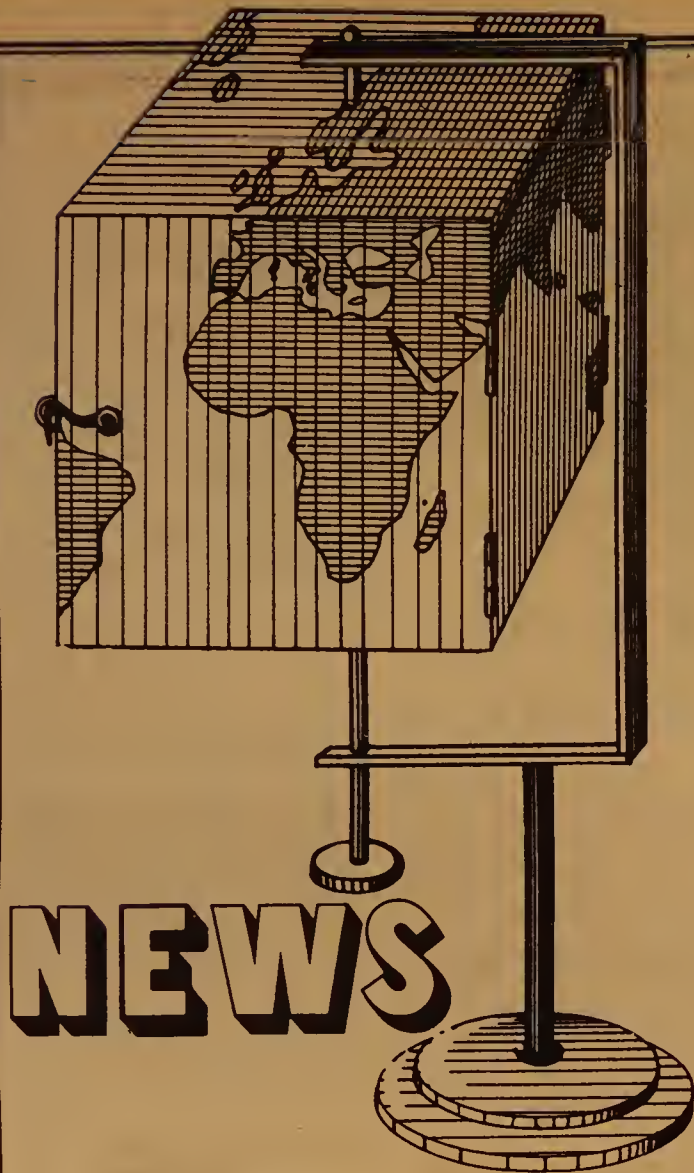
Judge Israel M. Augustine instructed the jury that if it was proven that the police fired first, then the actions

of the Panthers were reasonable.

District Attorney Norman Bartel told the jury to "act in the spirit of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King."

When the jury filed back into the courtroom and was polled about their voting, Kenneth Weaver, one of the white jurors, said "In the spirit of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, the verdict is not guilty."

Three of the 12 are now out while the other nine still remain in the New Orleans Parish prison where a group of prisoners recently held two guards hostage to bargain for better conditions. The guards, who were black, were released without being harmed and said that they agreed entirely with the prisoners demands. The nine still in jail are being held on minor state charges of aggravated battery of the undercover agent. There is also a federal hold on them for possible violation of gun charges. Their attorney expects bail to be set soon.



Pirate Radios Seized in Yonkers

YONKERS, N.Y. (LNS) — Federal marshals dismantled four pirate radio stations in Yonkers and arrested the owners on Aug. 12. The broadcasters, Joseph-Paul Ferraro and Allan Weiner, were later arraigned in Federal District Court and charged with having violated the Federal Communications Act of 1934. That law makes it a crime to operate a radio station without FCC license. Allan was charged with three counts of violating the Act, and Joseph-Paul with two. They face a year in jail and \$10,000 fine on each count. They pleaded not guilty. All of their equipment was impounded.

Using second-hand equipment, Army surplus, and reconditioned equipment, the two had been broadcasting on four frequencies for a year and a half. The equipment, costing about \$3,000, and operating expenses came from the staff and donations from friends.

Allan and Joseph-Paul were using channels that had not been assigned to any commercial broadcasters and they were careful not to interfere with any T.V. or radio stations. The stations were on the air from noon until 4 a.m. broadcasting music, news and talk shows.

Anyone who had something to say was given free use of the broadcasting equipment and taught how to use it. Large blocks of air time were reserved for people to phone the stations and express their opinions on any subject.

They accepted no advertising, although potential sponsors had made offers. "We didn't do it for money,"

said Allan Weiner. They are very critical of the commercial orientation of the licensed, above ground radio stations. "We had a free station, open to the public."

Allan and Joseph-Paul had been warned three times since January to stop broadcasting or get a license. About a year ago they had gone to the New York FCC office to apply for a license, but they had been "laughed at" because they did not have the huge amount of money that the commercial radio stations need for licensing. "We did not even get applications for a license." Along with the license, the FCC has many restrictions and requires many reports from the stations. According to Allan, the stations are constantly watched and controlled. "Somebody's got to show the FCC that their domination of the airwaves is just not right . . . The FCC doesn't own the air waves, they didn't make them . . . We had a right to broadcast and we did."

The two were released on their own recognizance, but they do not expect to get their equipment back. "It's up to the judge at our trial to decide." They plan to make their trial a test case of "our constitutional right to broadcast."

Reporter Granted Immunity

TUCSON, Ariz. — Tom Miller, a reporter here for underground publications, has won an interesting victory, and one that could set a far-reaching precedent.

In mid-July, Miller was subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury sitting in Tucson. The day before he was to appear, he entered a motion to

quash the subpoena on the grounds that by appearing, he would be violating confidential news sources. "I would lose the trust of my contacts and no longer would have access to information, thus impairing a constitutionally guaranteed news flow," Miller said in an article distributed by LNS.

In a somewhat similar case, Earl Caldwell, a New York Times reporter successfully fought appearing before a federal grand jury investigating Panthers in San Francisco. The Supreme Court is yet to hear the Justice Department's appeal on that case. But of course, Miller's case was different. As Tom says, "I'm not a press-credentialed reporter, and the underground press isn't the Times. So in addition to the main issue, we had to prove that alternative media is every bit as valid a news source as the straight media, and that reporters for it should be 'granted' the same rights regular straight press writers have."

The judge described as a conservative and a strict constructionist, was reluctant to rule in Miller's favor because, "He appears to be a member of the group about which he reports rather than an objective reporter." But he decided for Tom just the same. Miller will not have to testify unless the government can prove in secret hearing that there is a "compelling need" in the "national interest" that outweighs his first amendment rights and that they have no alternative means of getting the same information.

AT&T Puts the Finger on Dealers

TICK CREEK, N.C. (LNS) — Three staffers and one hawker of the Carolina Plain Dealer, a rural North Carolina underground paper, have been charged with "providing information for the theft of telecommunication service," a six month and/or \$500 misdemeanor.

The February Plain Dealer published the commonly known facts of how the telephone credit card number system works. The bust is seen as an attempt to stop the loss of some of American Telephone Telegraph's billions on fake credit card calls.

AT&T hired two full-time special security investigators who spent two months traveling around the Carolinas tracking down the Carolina Plain Dealer's staff. They followed and harassed hundreds of high school and university students during their investigation. People were dragged out of classes and questioned by the principal and the telephone investigators. They have subpoenaed two witnesses: a young high school woman who gave Plain Dealers away in her school, and a college student caught making credit card calls.

The first attempt at a trial of the three staff members was postponed by the state because they had not been able to locate the printer. While the boring trial was taking place, 30 people from all over the Carolinas picnicked in the courthouse hall, sang and danced before the astonished police.

The next trial date has not been set. The Plain Dealer is gathering information to prove that some of their evidence is based on an illegal phone tap. The implications are not clear. AT&T may attempt busts in other states.

TVA Threatens Indian Lands

CHOTA, Tenn. (LNS) — Chota, the sacred capital of the Cherokee Nation, may soon be under water.

So may Tuskegee Town, birthplace of Sequoyah, the Cherokee who spent 12 years inventing an 85 character alphabet for his tribe which enabled them to publish the first Indian newspaper in the 1820's. And Tennessee, the Indian village from which the state of Tennessee took its name.

In their place will be a 17,000 acre lake, part of the Tennessee Valley Authority complex. Later, perhaps, it would be surrounded by an industrial park.

The Tellico Project, which would remake a 33-mile stretch of the Little Tennessee River, is scheduled for completion in 1975.

The Cherokees have been fighting TVA expansion for six years. In a tribal ceremony at Chota in 1965, they presented Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, an active antagonist of the project, with a petition to save the land. Douglas turned it over to President Johnson expressing "the hope that this beautiful valley will not be destroyed by the hand of man."

The government went ahead with its plans anyway.

Besides destroying the Cherokee homeland, the project would endanger three species of fish and destroy a unique waterfowl habitat. The Little Tennessee River could be polluted with mercury and dangerous pesticides.

Inhuman Conditions Discovered At Angola

BATON ROUGE, La. (LNS) — Louisiana's only black legislator, Mrs. Dorothy Taylor, made a surprise inspection of the Angola State Prison and said that she found that some prisoners have to use their toilets for lavatories and drinking water. Rep. Taylor said conditions were "inhuman."

In another part of the prison, she said she saw six foot by 10 foot cells with neither toilets nor bunks and in one she saw three black prisoners. Nearly all of the prisoners at Angola are black, she added.

Rep. Taylor urged Gov. John McKeithen to put more blacks on the correction board, since two-thirds of the state's prisoners are black. She said if the board's racial ratio were the same, it could help change the attitude of prison personnel.

Earlier Rep. Taylor had criticized the New Orleans prison, saying overcrowded cells and biting rats caused the disturbance in which 34 inmates held two guards hostage for nine hours to bargain for better conditions. The hostages were released unharmed.

Pressure Pays Off: GIs' Charges Dropped

KILLEEN, Tex. (LNS) — Under pressure from a national letter writing campaign, a federal law suit and strong support from GIs, the Killeen city attorney recently moved to drop all charges against eight GIs and two civilians arrested for picketing and boycotting Tyrell's Jewelry store. Charges were also dropped against two women (one a staff member of the Oleo Strut Coffee House) charged with "disorderly conduct" in connection with the boycott, and another staff member of the Oleo Strut for "violation of the city noise ordinance."

In return, as part of a deal offered by the city attorney, the Fort Hood United Front agreed to withdraw the federal suit filed June 15. The suit sought to enjoin city and county officials from prosecuting people under the 1947 "secondary boycott" statute which is designed to prevent organized union support of strikes conducted by other unions. The suit also asked \$50,000 in damages from the city police department.

The boycott was called on May 15 around the demands: 1.) Stop sidewalk soliciting and high pressure sales, 2.) Stop exploiting GI homesickness (getting soldiers to buy jewelry for their mothers and girl friends back home), 3.) End army intervention and cooperation in getting payments and 4.) Remove the hypocritical "honor roll" (of Tyrell's customers who died in Vietnam). A picket line was established with assurances from the city manager that it was legal and lasted three days until city officials, realizing that the boycott was almost 100 per cent effective, arrested those on the picket line.

Chamber of Commerce and the U.S. Departments of Commerce and Treasury.

The Commerce Department made a particularly heavy-handed attempt to pressure Gov. Russel W. Peterson into ignoring Delaware citizens' welfare. Officials told the Governor he was "interfering with the prosperity and security of America."

Peterson maintained that not to be selective in attracting clean rather than polluting industries would be "discriminating against the people of Delaware."

Specifically prohibited from building along the Delaware coast are refineries, steel mills, paper mills, petrochemical complexes and off-shore bulk transfer terminals. Other industrial applicants will have to win ap-

Delaware Puts Nix on Polluters

DOVER, Del. (LNS) — The state of Delaware has made it illegal for heavy industry to locate along the state's 100 miles of coastline in Delaware Bay and 25 miles along the Atlantic Ocean.

The legislation was passed by the Delaware legislature in the face of massive pressure from industry, the

proval of the state planner and a 10-man control board established by the new law.

The bill aborted Shell Oil Company plans to build a \$100 million oil refinery on land it owns near Smyrna. It also blocks plans by Zapta Normess Inc. to build a 300-acre island in Delaware Bay three miles off the mouth of the Mispillion River to store up to three million tons of coal for shipment abroad in giant cargo ships, too large to use other East Coast ports.

UFWOC: Pig-Wig Victory

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee's state wide campaign protesting Piggly-Wiggly Supermarkets' strike-breaking policy of selling non-union grapes has succeeded in forcing Piggly-Wiggly to discontinue the selling of scab grapes.

The picketing began July 23 in Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio and Houston.

Union label grapes soon appeared in all the Piggly-Wiggly stores. P-W placed ads in the papers announcing that their grapes were now union grapes.

But the struggle has not ended. We must continue to keep the chain stores free of all non-union grapes. When you are shopping, always ask to see the label of the grapes on the box in the cooler. Inform the produce manager that you will buy only union grapes as well as union lettuce. As was proven with the Piggly-Wiggly campaign, united consumer power can send a scabby store squealing.

We're Coming Out!

Sensuality . . . Sisterhood . . .
Identity . . . Sex . . . Each Other . . .
We are learning to love women.

Some of us have just recently come out, stumbling, battered, crushed by the insanity and inhumaneness of living in a male-dominated society. Others, having lived closeted and confused all their lives, are struggling with sex roles and straight-defined relationships which society has channeled us into to keep us from fully developing as human beings. All our lives, men have defined our identity, our feelings, ourselves.

As gay women we are rejecting this. We are rediscovering our identity, redefining our lives. Talking about our experiences, our oppression, our relationships, learning to trust each other and communicate the importance of our feelings to other women, keep us in close touch with our feelings. We are striving to create a true sense of sisterhood among gay women.

Gay women's liberation meets for rap sessions on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. at the University of Houston Student Center. Check the downstairs bulletin board for the room.



Taking the Lid Off: New Drug Studies

By Marty Schifffenbauer

A major recent study of drug abuse and addiction, sponsored by the Ford Foundation, concludes: "... criminal penalties for possession of illegal drugs for personal use only should be abandoned." By "illegal drugs" the study means all illegal drugs.

The six month study, directed by Patricia M. Wald, of the Washington, D.C. Center for Law and Social Policy, and Peter B. Hutt, who was just appointed general counsel to the Food and Drug Administration, was completed in November, 1970.

"Although a report on the study has been circulated for some months among policy makers concerned with the "drug problem," its findings were inexplicably not made available to the general public until excerpts were published in the July 15, 1971 Village Voice. The Voice, a New York weekly, obtained a copy of the report from unofficial sources.

Despite the report's recommendation that criminal penalties for drug users be abandoned, it didn't advocate the complete legalization of any drug, even marijuana. However, many of the statements made implied that such blanket legalization would be desirable.

Perhaps the most noteworthy findings and conclusions presented in the report concern heroin. These are also likely to be the most controversial, as they dispel myths staunchly held by influential government officials, and they demonstrate the inadequacy of current government policy. For example, the report declares:

"As a result of failure to stop heroin at the border, recent federal pol-

icy has concentrated on cooperation with foreign governments, primarily Turkey, to reduce their opium production. Since (1) the U.S. requires only 50,000 to 60,000 pounds of opium each year for illicit use (by its approximately 250,000 addicts), and (2) this amounts to about 1.5 per cent of the total world production of opium, and (3) the entire U.S. demand could probably be met by cultivation of no more than 3,500 acres, which is less than five square miles, of opium, and (4) opium could readily be grown in other parts of the world, a program based on suppression of opium production, like the program based on prevention of importation, seems equally unlikely of success."

The poor prospects for heroin production and importation control were further elaborated upon by study director Hutt, who was interviewed by Voice reporter Kenneth Brodne. Hutt cited evidence that major heroin dealers had already stockpiled 10 years' supply of the drug in the United States in anticipation of some cutoff from their foreign sources.

The report also discloses some little-known information about the physical effects of heroin. It states: "... there is no proof that heroin causes any organic damage to the body or brain similar, for example, to the extensive damage caused by alcohol . . . It seems quite possible that many addicts would function normally if given a steady supply of good quality drugs."

This fact, along with other findings, is used to support the recommendation that "heroin maintenance" programs be instituted in the United States. Such programs would be similar to the British system which provides addicts with a supply of heroin through

government clinics.

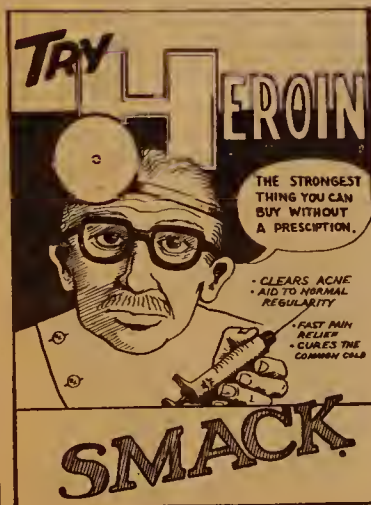
The report mentions that "heroin maintenance" has been extremely effective for some people in England. Nevertheless, the Bureau of Narcotics (now the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs of the Justice Department) has, since 1923, "done everything possible to discredit this method of treatment."

In discussing the benefits of "heroin maintenance" it was argued that the supervised distribution of heroin to addicts would markedly reduce the "street" price of the drug, thereby curtailing the millions (some estimate billions) of dollars in crime committed by addicts to support their habit.

Since a grain of heroin costs an addict about four cents in England while it fetches an astronomical \$30-\$90 on the illegal U.S. market, this argument appears highly plausible. (Study director Wald has been so impressed by such arguments that she is presently involved in the experimental "Vera" project in New York City which plans to provide "heroin maintenance" for 300 addicts.)

The Ford Foundation study should have an important impact in changing the nation's archaic drug policies, particularly the reliance on legal sanctions and law enforcement officials to solve what are essentially social and health problems. Only when the bankruptcy of these policies is generally recognized, will it be possible to implement effective and realistic solutions to drug abuse and addiction.

-- Alternative Features Service



Turtle News



712 Fairview
2 blks off Montrose

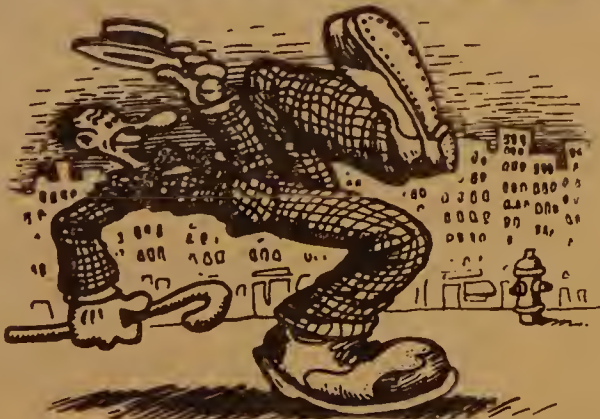
Turtle News is a community newsstand. It's non-profit, non-rip-off, and a good place to hang around. Turtle carries straight mags, rock and ecology publications, weird pamphlets and zany tracts, and the city's largest assortment of underground newspapers. Also teeshirts, hammocks (!), bumper stickers, cigarette papers and the like. Come on by.

Turtle News carries, among others:

Sports Illustrated	Clear Creek
Mother Earth News	Black Belt
Zap Comix	Nola Express
Fusion	Thrilling Murder Comix
Karate	Changes
Great Speckled Bird	Time
Look	Mad
Houston Chronicle	Eatman Comix
Whole Earth Catalogue	California Earthquake
Guardian	National Lampoon
Rolling Stone	Vocations for Social Change
Freak Brothers Comix	Chicago Seed
Dallas Iconoclast	Off Our Backs
Texas Observer	Farmers Almanac
Newsweek	Feds 'n Heads Comix
Young Lust Comix	Space City!

Tickets On Sale

at Turtle News for all Liberty Hall shows and for the KAUM-Saturn Productions Allman Brothers Band-Little Feat-Cowboy concert on September 26.



HEY HEY HEY...

From the Space City! mailbag...

Dear City People:

My last year in high school was filled with strange incidents. This song is about one of those occurrences and is dedicated to all pissed-off high school students.

It's written as a "talkin' blues" using a chord progression of G - C - D - G.

TALKING BOWEL BLUES
copyright 1970 John Henry

- 1) I've had funny things happen to me at times
Things that almost blew my mind
But the funniest thing I ever did see
Was the day I got busted for taking a pee . . .
. . . in high school
- 2) Just walkin' down the hall like a normal guy
When I got a funny feelin' between my thighs
Well I knew right away just what it was
So I ran through the door as quick as I could
And commenced — to engage — in the art — of peeing
- 3) As I went through the door I heard the bell ring
But I just stood there doin' my thing
Then a monster teacher came through the door
Friends, he must have been about six-foot-four
He looked at me — then down at me — then up at me — then down at me — he's still lookin' starin' I guess he couldn't tell heads from tails.
- 4) "Whata think your doin'!?" he asked with a grin
And I figured that was a pretty good time to stick it back in
Well, he started pushing me off the ground and then he was kickin' me all around screamin' "I'm taking you in!!!!"
"Oh yeah? What for???"
"Illegal peeing!"
- 5) Friends, when we got to the office everybody was there
The principal, the nurse, and the dean of longhairs
They started in questioning right away,
"We understand you've been busted for peeing today without a permit!?"
The're comin' at me and I'm backin' away
Then I heard the principal say "Grab his arms!"
They threw me to the ground
The nurse started feelin' all around — looking for lethal weapons. In the immortal words of Don Sanders: She open my third eye
- 6) Yes friends, I've had funny things happen to me at school
But none like the trip to the peein' room
Well, I sympathize with the teacher all right
If someone takes a pec it probably ain't right
But I'll learn — to hold it Or carry a jar.

Talking Bowel Blues



The Whole You

by Sandra Wrye

What does anyone have to fear? Ideally, absolutely nothing. Last week I received a letter from a young woman who wanted to know what was "wrong" with eating butter and drinking milk.

How strange! In my articles, perhaps my words have been too strong. I have never intended for anyone to react with fear because of any food. "Anyone who cannot eat meat or sugar is sick," said George Ohsawa. In other words, a free man can eat or drink anything he wants because he instinctively knows exactly what foods and how much of them to eat. There should be nothing except your own sickness that keeps you from being able to eat everything, if you choose. And it is your (and my) faulty judgment about eating and living that makes us sick!

To make our judgment more accurate we need only to eat food that is balanced. But to fear butter or milk or even sugar is a mistake. We can realize that if taken in excess, anything could be deadly.

Perhaps what I am most interested in is seeing young men and women preparing their own meals. In this way and only this way can anyone be absolutely certain of what he is eating. You choose who you are by what foods are prepared in your kitchen. It may surprise you to learn that, as a general rule, I do not eat tomatoes or potatoes or eggplant. But it is not because I am afraid of them. I have come to realize that these vegetables are extremely acidic and so high in potassium that they are impossible to balance.

PLEASE DO NOT BE AFRAID OF ANY FOOD. In learning how to balance one's cooking, *all* foods can be experimented with. The only foods to avoid are those which are mass-produced, obviously. They contain chemical ingredients (read the labels for yourself) that cannot be considered as food.

It is natural for you to react to the foods that have made you sick. A person who has eaten much meat during childhood or whose mother ate much meat while the person was inside her, will often react and become a vegetarian or a fruitarian. This is a balance of a sort. Apart from the sentimental reasons that most vegetarians give for not eating flesh, they may really need to reverse their body's chemistry.

I would ask a vegetarian whether or not he thinks he is killing a carrot when he eats it! Perhaps. But it is certain that the quickest and simplest way to become balanced is to eat the food that is most unlike you. This means grains and vegetables. Man, or more precisely, woman, is the latest evolutionary development. The same is true of grains. Therefore, they are perfectly suited for each other.



The person who eats dairy products but will not eat meat is certainly kidding himself — what is milk but the transformed blood of a cow!? Because it is not economically feasible to use up land for raising cattle anymore, dairy products, if eaten in abundance, cannot be considered a just and balanced food. The only truly balanced food there is happens to be brown rice, because a person can eat only rice and stay quite alive and healthy.

However, for Americans, whose diet has been so varied and often refined and chemicalized, the eating of whole grains alone, can cause very strange reactions in the body... we are not able to transmute the elements in the rice or other grains into necessary nutrients for our bodies. It is as if by eating processed food and taking vitamins, our bodies have lost their birthright — the ability to change (transmute) simple foods into the complex workings of the body. We are all a little sick!

So the best way to become a whole

and balanced, healthy person is to eat a broad diet — considering our own needs, and not fearing to try any particular food, as long as it is whole, fresh, and unrefined. Use your god-given intuition, if you still have any left after eating processed foods! Your body will tell you exactly what it needs — the things that you crave may very well be the things you need!

But one thing to remember! **BE MODERATE.** In this society of wretched excess, that is heresy, and very difficult to follow. In order to be moderate in your eating, chewing is of utmost importance. If you chew each mouthful of food at least 50 times, you will never suffer from indigestion, and your intestines will be grateful for the rest.

If you are afraid of *anything* it is a sign of disease. Paranoia is the extreme, caused by eating too much expansive food (sugar, fruits, dairy products, chemicals, drugs), and especially by drinking too much liquid.

Feel grateful that you can see your fear, for only then will you try to change yourself into a more balanced person.

This recipe is a favorite of mine and as we depart for Padre Island for a vacation I pass it on to you. Please enjoy yourself when you cook it; you will be surprised by the rich flavor.

HIZIKI RICE

Prepare brown rice as follows: wash well, until the water running thru it is clear. Place in cast iron or stainless pot (not aluminum — it creates poisons when it comes in contact with most foods and tastes metallic besides). For each one cup of whole rice, use two cups of water. Add about 1/8 to 1/4 teaspoon seasalt per cup of rice. You might also add a dash tamari soy sauce (naturally fermented). Bring the rice to a boil, then turn down the flame to low and simmer about 45 minutes to an hour or until all the water is absorbed. *It is not necessary at all to stir the rice.* Be sure to keep the rice covered, so all the nutrients are retained.

Hiziki is called "Black rice" in Japan because so many traditional families ate the spindly black seaweed as often as they ate their brown rice. Together, the two create a beautiful dish, indeed.

2 onions, sliced thin
2 carrots, cut into matchsticks
2 oz hiziki (1/4 cup, pressed down)

Soak the hiziki in about a cup of water. Saute onions in two Tablespoons unrefined oil, then add carrots. After about five minutes of soaking, add hiziki with its water. Bring to a boil and simmer uncovered for 30 minutes. Add 3-5 Tablespoons Tamari soy sauce (depending upon saltiness desired), cover and simmer again on a very low flame for 30 minutes. Stir from time to time and if all the water has disappeared, add a spoonful or so. The vegetables should be almost dry at the end of the cooking. You may serve the hiziki and friends on top of rice or you may add the rice to the pan for the last few minutes. Because of the tamari, this will darken the rice, but its flavor will be richer!

* * *

The University of Thought has asked me to hold cooking classes starting in late September and I have agreed with great delight! There will be a lesson for all of us! If you are interested, please watch for the U of T's catalogue for the fall and call them. My facilities are limited so that I can only take two classes of 10 each per week. Dinner will follow the preparation of the food and then discussion about balancing food and becoming whole. If you would like to know more, please call or come by TAO WHOLE FOODS, 15 Waugh Drive, 862-3980.

Convention Time!

And Space City! is there...



American Legion: 25,000 Old Fo

by Gary Thiher

The following article on the American Legion convention held here last week, was written by Gary Thiher, Pacifica radio news director. Space City! reporters were denied access to convention proceedings (see accompanying story), so Gary, who was granted credentials only after a hassle, herewith lays it out.

Only the Shriners get more into conventioning than the American Legion. If you were anywhere near the central part of Houston last week you couldn't miss the 25,000 men and women in red, white and/or blue military field caps who swamped our fair city for the 53rd Annual National Convention of the American Legion — the world's largest (over 2.5 million) organization of veterans. Only 2,500 of these thousands were actual delegates — but, of course, sitting through the speeches, motions and faldral of the meetings themselves has to rank low on the list of convention pleasures.

The Legion prides itself on its attempts to relate to youth, especially to the returning Vietnam veterans. They claim 427,000 of these vets have joined the Legion. But, you'd never know it from the group assembled in the Sam Houston Coliseum. These men (the women's auxiliary met at the Shamrock) had advanced well into middle age. Perhaps retreated would better describe the process — for clearly the high point of their lives had come as young soldiers on America's battlefields. Then their lives possessed the zest of danger and commitment and idealistic goals. Ever since, it's been boredom, babies and keep-

ing up the credit rating. So they flock to the Legion and those days of old with ritual and uniforms and officers. A color guards: a little strange with the sagging double chins in tight white uniforms, but very precise and full of pri-

The official business of the convention was to elect new solutions expressing their position on the important issues. The Legion convention was as much a mere formality. The Legion convention was as much a Democratic in Chicago. The chairman begins the roll call for national commander. An "A" state yields to an "I" state, John H. Geiger. A floor demonstration unleashes itself with banners, tooting horns and a band blaring from the balcony. Another delegation moves nominations be closed, and the votes in Geiger by acclamation.

Before the new national commander can even get to the make an acceptance speech, Legion PR people are scurrying, pit passing out copies of the speech and pre-printed press release. John H. Geiger of Illinois was elected national commander. But, of course, the top post of such an influential group is left to the whimsies of floor action.

The convention passed volumes of resolutions — all exacting the various committees except for a small change in the one resolution endorsed the president's forthcoming trip to the People's Republic of China but steadfastly opposed diplomatic recognition or ad-

Getting The News: It Ain't Easy

by Bryan Baker

Those of you who read the Houston Chronicle may have noted that Pacifica Radio's Gary Thiher and Space City's own Bryan Baker and Karen Northcott were denied press privileges to cover the American Legion National Convention (see story this issue).

Convention officials had decided in advance that neither Pacifica nor Space City! would get access to the convention because of our lack of "objectivity" (whatever that is). The Legionnaires explained to the commercial media that Pacifica would not be given credentials because Gary did not have a Houston Police press pass. These are the passes (routinely handed out to respectable journalists) which give reporters the privilege of crossing police lines (and are supposedly only for that purpose.)

In fact Gary *does* have such a pass, and had presented it to the flunkie who, on orders from above, refused to give him Legion credentials. (Curiously, no other journalists were asked to show their police passes at that time). When representatives of the commercial media pointed this out to the Legion stalwarts, they rather awkwardly reversed themselves. Gary, his lack of "objectivity" and a haircut notwithstanding, was allowed to cover the convention and spew his filthy lies all over the public air.

We at Space City! were not so fortunate. When I spoke over the telephone with a secretary in the Legion's P.R. office, she assured me that a letter from my news editor would be sufficient to get credentials for myself and Karen. When I went to the convention center, armed with a letter on Space City stationery sign-

ed by News and Existentialism Editor Vicky Smith, I was told that it wasn't good enough. I had to have a police pass to get in.

This letter was later described at a press conference by Legion officials (who themselves show a strange lack of objectivity) as merely "a yellow sheet of paper which could have been signed by anyone."

Reporters for the commercial press were fairly upset at the Legion's attitude and several of them did their unofficial best to shame the Legion into letting us in. But to no avail.

I wasted many hours (nothing new, to be sure) wandering credential-less around the Convention Center, the Coliseum and the Rice Hotel. Getting cut off (over the phone) by the Legion's national P.R. director. Getting into arguments with his toadie at the P.R. office. Getting stopped at the door of the first general session by a security guard who wore the uniform of the Wackenhurst Police Dept., one of many out-of-state but nonetheless uniformed cops who were on hand for the festivities. Getting nowhere fast.

Karen fared somewhat better. The legionnaires (presumably unaccustomed to women who don't know their place) allowed her to roam all over the convention without benefit of press pass. On one occasion, she walked into a press conference only five paces ahead of me; I was stopped at the door. (Unfortunately, Karen had assignments this week and could not attend much of the conference.)

American Legion, we'll be back, and next time we will have police press passes, if that's what it takes.

You can't keep your shoddy secrets from the minions of the free press forever.

* * *

The Young Americans for Freedom, a group somewhat to the right of the American Legion, had its national convention in Houston last weekend. Unlike the Legion they *did* grant press privileges to Pacifica and Space City! with no hassle. Well, there was a hassle, but not of an official nature. This is a "long story," but one not without its humorous aspects.

After hearing Bill Buckley and a stand-up comic from USAID (read CIA) address the first general session, (see story elsewhere), SC's Tom Hylden, myself, and several Pacifica volunteers roamed the Shamrock Hilton in search of news and booze.

After stopping off to chat with the Libertarians (the anarcho-right-wingers who were dumped by YAF two years ago) we located a party on the thirteenth floor. Here Marc Strouder, candidate for YAF National Board, was plying the electorate with alcohol, the drug of choice for right-wingers, young and old alike.

I was stopped at the door of Strouder's suite by a young convention staffer who was in an enviable state of alcoholic stupor. He told me that only the "working press" was allowed in. I told him I was working (not strictly true). He told me that by "working" press he meant people with bona-fide press passes, and to demonstrate showed me his beautiful Houston Tribune press pass.

"That's a fine paper," I said, preparing to depart for the bar. He didn't try to stop me, but he called over his friend Marlin and told him (Marlin) to "keep your eye on that guy."

Marlin certainly did. For the next five minutes or so, Marlin followed me everywhere. This wasn't too bad, since Marlin was really a pretty nice guy and not the least bit hostile, but both Marlin and I were a little embarrassed by the whole thing. (He blushed very becomingly when I began introducing him to people as "my tail.")

Meanwhile, out in the hall, things were getting heavy. A Pacifica volunteer, attempting to tape interviews with some of the delegates, was threatened with physical mayhem by the Tribune man (who had set Marlin on me) and several other YAFers. (The Pacifica man says there were 18 of them, but it is unclear who did the counting.) The quick-thinking volunteer allowed as how he had a knife which he would use should they attack. Somehow the whole thing got resolved without bloodshed. In the confusion, I was able to shake Marlin and drink alone.

Still later, in another "hospitality room" (this one had free beer), the whole unfortunate mess was settled in a heart-warming reconciliation. Everybody shook hands and assured one another that there were no hard feelings. And we all drank to our newfound friendship.

Once again, Demon Rum had demonstrated its curious ability to bring out both hostilities and amiabilities. Fortunately, the evening ended with the latter.



Photo by David Crossley

YAFs Invade Houston

ry to keep alive
nd with snappy
and paunches hul-
de.

y officers and pass re-
of the day. The elec-
tightly rigged as the
or nominations for
which nominates
complete with bounce-
cony. Then on cue
national adjutant

e speaker's stand to
g through the press
eases reading,
der...on Sept. 2."
too important to

tly as presented by
e on China. That re-
eople's Republic of
mission to the UN.

An interesting wrinkle to the China position was the Legion's new name for the Taiwan regime, the Republic of China. They called it the Republic of (capital F) Free China.

The Legion also endorsed the Vietnamization policy, and passed no less than three resolutions supporting better treatment and release for the American prisoners of war in Indochina — a favorite Legion cause (or pseudo-cause). A delicately worded Lt. Calley motion put the Legion on record as opposing the murder of civilians but nevertheless requesting that, in the process of review of his case, every break be given him because of mitigating factors and because of the effect of his treatment on morale in the services.

The Legion also supported the draft and the ROTC, opposed rioters and draft-dodgers, supported diplomatic recognition for the all-white regime of Rhodesia, supported arms for Israel as well as the U.S. mediation role in the Middle East, and wholeheartedly supported every weapons system anyone ever thought of from the B-1 bomber to the Safeguard missile. So what else is new?

As the Legionnaires moved out of town, the Young Americans for Freedom moved in for their national convention. This affinity of conservative groups for Houston was probably explained by Mayor Louie Welch in his welcoming address to the Legion. Isn't it nice, said the Mayor, that the Legion can come to Houston and not be bothered by any demonstrators. And it was true. Even such renowned-Vietnamizers as Secretary of State William Rogers appeared before the Legionnaires with nary a picket sign being raised.



Photo by Jerry Sebesta

YAF: The New Right Comes To Town

by Tom Hylden

WE ARE THE NEW POLITICS proclaimed the huge banner behind the speakers' platform in the Grand Ballroom of the Shamrock Hilton. The National Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom: "Welcome ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls." The chaplain, invoking: "We thank Thee, Almighty God, for the materialistic blessings of this country." The reading from the Sharon Statement, the founding manifesto of YAF: "And the greatest threat to our liberties comes from International Communism."

And finally, the boys and girls in the audience who had paid 27 bucks to be a YAF delegate and wander around the Shamrock in coat and tie and vote for nine of the 23 members of YAF's ruling National Board — finally the boys and girls were treated to a speech by the guru of the young Right, William F. Buckley, Jr.

New Politics? Hardly, it seemed. Rather, here was a group of young people, conservatives, trying hard to have a *real* political convention just like the older Elephants and Donkeys do.

Young Americans for Freedom is not the right wing alternative to left wing activism. It seems to have given up on winning over the minds and hearts of the young in the never ending battle against domestic communism and creeping meatballism. It has become instead a training ground for modern Republican politicians — not the Lindsays or the Percys, heaven forbid, but the George Bushs and the Bill Archers.

YAF is an extremely hierarchical organization; the people at the top are ambitious and view their youthful followers as mere fodder for future political campaigns. (Thus there were well organized groups at the convention pushing Reagan and Agnew for president.) YAF is run by a Board of Trustees and a National Board. The Board of Trustees is not elected by the membership; it consists of nationally known old conservative leaders and characters.

The National Board, which pretty much runs YAF — and controls its huge budget — consists of 23 members. Nine were elected at this convention (where the main criterion for success was having a nationally known conservative figure publically endorse the aspiring young candidate). Seven others are elected on a regional level and the remaining seven are appointed by the first 16 Board members. The age differential between YAF member and YAF leader averages at least seven years — and the younger are not the leaders. Resolutions to be considered for adoption by the convention could not be submitted from the convention floor during open meetings; they had to have been submitted to and approved by the National Board some five weeks before the convention began.

There was one group at the convention that was not exactly imitating the tired old leaders of American conservatism. These were the Libertarians. Young Americans for freedom *to do what?*, they ask. They're mostly ex-YAFers who have followed conservatism to its logical ends. They're against anything which

tells them what to do or steals their money: that includes the draft, marihuana laws and welfare. They make the older YAF leaders uptight. They rented a room in the Shamrock and filled it with rock music, anarchist literature, signs and posters: *Extremism in defense of LIBERTY is no vice* — scrawled in black paint on a white sheet with a big black fist for punctuation.

Libertarians are anarchists who think they have been sold out by today's conservatives. Buckley says he sympathizes with their ideals, but he doesn't feel they're realistic. The libertarians outflank Buckley on the right, and he doesn't like being in that position. Buckley sees them as brothers, but he thinks that *his* view of the World As It Is is indeed the World As It Is, and his imagination can't cope with the possibility of struggling to make the world conform to the ideals with which he sympathizes.

Buckley was not an unlikely person Thursday night. I walked into the Grand Ballroom expecting (hoping?) to hear the conservative slayer of dragons use his satiric wit and intellectual cynicism to destroy with one phrase his adversaries. Instead, I found him touched to see a schmaltzy painting of his Sharon, Conn., family home presented to his mother (in absentia): his mother who (*they* said it, I didn't) carried the hahe of Young Americans for Freedom around in her womb for 10 months.

He seemed to feel a real obligation to the young followers of the capitalist system, wanted to be able to tell them something of what they wanted to bear. Yet all he could do was make them laugh with his observations on the Left (which he seems to think consists solely of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party) and then tell them that the world is not such a nice place and we must be willing to face that fact.

Buckley's dilemma was the same as any leader whose charisma excites his followers to merely imitate, not to innovate. If the young conservatives in the audience are to really affect the country, they will have to quit following their old young leaders — leaders who want to be honchos in the "young" Republicans and then the real Republicans and finally want just a piece of Buckley's action. The old leaders could offer no more imaginative advice to young conservatives than to keep on doing what they have been doing in the past and hope that someday Goldwater may really win.

Buckley and the conservative movement in the United States suffer from a chronic lack of imagination. They cry out for new (traditional) solutions to the problems created by the failure of liberalism to deal with people's needs, yet they are so tied to traditional (meaning liberal) forms for dealing with these problems that they are led to a sort of cynicism that accepts the present milieu as the unchangeable fact of life. Thus, thermonuclear war and corporate exploitation of the people are as easy to talk about as the lousy weather in Houston. Vietnamization means less trouble for us here in America; it means less soul-searching and less compromise of original mistakes. It is, lastly, a Way Out. And conservatism wants a Way Out of the milieu.



SABREFLAME

A SHORT NOVEL
by ROBERT FINLAY

PART SEVEN SPACE CITY! SERIAL

When Sabreflame came here he didn't know anybody. But as soon as he got away from the place they were cutting up live people he stuck out his thumb and started hitching. After the queer picked him up he ran into a hippie sexcult leader who put some dogs on him but he ran off and nearly got blown up by an H-bomb. The dude who took him over the border had his head blown off and he came back with roasted wetbacks. He was just about to get it on with an Indian Princess when some bikers raped and killed her. Shucks. He got in with some religious nuts who seared him so bad he split with the collection. Some drunk college kids picked him up and took

him to a race riot but he just wiped off the blood and made it to the river where he was doing the Huck Finn thing til some game wardens busted him. They would have lynched him but one of them stepped on a snake and while he was looking the other way Sabre made another escape. When he left the voodoo ritual he stumbled onto some Klansmen who were killing a civil rights worker and castrating a nigger. In a couple of days a dope-crazed acid head picked him up and took him home to his alcoholic Nazi rocket scientist father who knew a deviant when he saw one and kicked him out just in time for him to get a ride with one of the Working Class.

Copyright owned by Robert Finlay, 1971

AT THE MINE

The Bruiser had bushy eyebrows, a knobby forehead and crooked nose. As he drove the truck into a range of mountains, he spit tobacco into a bedpan on the seat. It slid around on the curves, but he never missed his aim.

The company did not like stains on the truck, or he would have let it go out the window. He said the main office clerks had to make up rules like that as an excuse for drawing their pay.

In a rage he swore at the "pansies in white shirts," who grew fat and rich, while the men who really worked made only a bare living. For emphasis, he raced through the grades, accelerating for control as if he was driving a sports car.

He told me that I looked tired and suggested that I go to sleep. My head bumped against the cold window, and blackness came immediately.

Toward dawn we stopped for breakfast. The cafe lights were very bright and its air smelled of stale cigarette smoke. I squinted and fought back the nausea.

Squashing a scrambled egg with his fork, Bruiser spoke of his son. The boy was working in the mines to earn enough money to continue his education.

"I just hope he don't end up with a kisser like this," the man said, slapping at his rugged face. "I was on my back in a side tunnel, jackhammering at a seam on the roof. It was fearsome hot from the pressure, dusty, my eardrums rattling like tambourines. There was a little sifting, a sprinkle, you know, like your momma used to do flour, then *whomp!* A ton of dirt fell right on my snoz. I'm lucky I'm not dead right now."

We rode through valleys and over rises as the sun came up. Clouds filtered the light and made the earth seem lifeless and gray. We soon came to a region where huge mountains of clay heaped up like mole hills.

"Those spoil banks are from strip mining," he said. "After big machines chew the top off the land to get at the surface coal, that's what's left. When it rains the runoff is sulfur acid, and it poisons the water and ruins the ground. What used to be the best bottom dirt in the world won't grow cattails or johnson grass anymore."

The toxic ridges ran to all points of the compass, and we followed one for a long while before coming to a village. In its center stood a shed on tall stilts. Its sides were blackened and had been moth-eaten by fire. Smoke billowed from the frozen ground beneath it and hung in a smother-

ing haze over the spindly trees and crackerbox houses.

Bruiser swore and his color went to paper white as he parked.

Old cars surrounded the shed at the mine entrance. Women with anguish on their faces huddled in small groups, held their Bibles and watched. Looking about sheepishly, children clutched at their coats.

A stooped man shuffled about, his hands thrust into the pockets of his shabby jacket. His voice was scratchy, and he stared at the ground as he spoke.

"Cotter pin breaking done it," he said. "It was that surplus equipment they use. String of cars was on an incline. They rolled back, gathered speed, then flew off the tracks on a curve. The tunnel wall sparked, and the coal dust exploded."

Tears were welling up on the rims of Bruiser's eyes, and when he blinked, they trailed into leathery pouches.

"The explosion wouldn't have been so bad if the coal columns would have been left in the galleries for support. The new owners have been stealing it, cutting away more of the pillars than is safe. The concussion knocked the whole mine down like a house of cards. For two days it's been a blast furnace, flames and smoke and tremors down deep. The owners and the government men have decided to seal it off."

"My son?"

The stooped man locked away. "He was working cat-eye shift when it went," he answered softly. "He and sixty-five others haven't gotten out yet."

"They're not going to seal it off. Not while there's still a chance."

"If it burns anymore, they claim it'll ruin the coal that's left."

"They aren't going to seal it," Bruiser repeated, wiping his face with a cuff.

From under the seat of his truck he took a revolver. Standing in full view, he snapped open the cylinder. Black and decorated with silver settings, it whirled like a pinwheel until he flicked it closed. Shoulders back, he moved toward the mine entrance.

The women silently crossed themselves and made way as he passed.

Inside the wire enclosure he was met by uniformed guards and a cluster of richly-dressed men. The Owner, wearing a caramel-colored overcoat with matching gloves, stepped forward.

Bruiser did not shake hands, but stood with his arms folded, talking.

Shortly, the Owner was shaking his head, waving his arms, his threatening tone audible even above the hiss of the escaping gas.

The body guards moved close, drawing their pistols, and the Owner dived for the ground. Bruiser did not have time to reach for his revolver before the guards opened fire. He jerked and twisted as the big slugs tore into his body and collapsed like a gutted teddy bear.

The silence among the women deepened, harshly shadowed and full of nothingness.

A baby began crying, and its mother unbuttoned her blouse.

After brushing off his overcoat, the Owner went back to giving orders.

CADAVER

The freight train I was riding wound slowly down from the mountains. As it reached a plain, snowflakes drifted from the sky like feathers. The earth soon covered with a soft white blanket, every edge muted, and even my blackened coal car seemed brightened.

It was evening and there were many tracks, switches, lights and cross-overs. Our speed was diminishing, and we seemed to be nearing a railroad yard.

I climbed a ladder, intending to leap, but the train was running past a steep embankment. A man approached. Though heavily clothed, he moved over the cars with the speed and agility of a lizard.

"Coffee," he called, holding up a thermos. "Coffee!"

He had a fiery beard, wide cheekbones, and spoke of the brisk winter weather. The cup of liquid he poured was steaming, and its smooth hotness warmed me all over. I relaxed.

"More?" he asked.

I nodded and looked down in order to adjust my weight on the ladder. It was a mistake, that look, and I knew it the moment I did it.

My hair! It had sought its own length, and long, it kept the cold wind from my ears and neck. Thick fingers clutched a shock of it, hard nails dug into my scalp, and there was a brutal tug.

My head whipped back, pain splashing over my skull. The coffee cup spiraled, its contents forming a sculpture in the air.

Falling, I somersaulted, hit on my heels, and tumbled backwards. My buttocks struck, scraping and burning, elbows and shoulders next. Out of control, I rolled, kissed and bruised by misshapen rocks.

Wrenched, strained and bleeding, I finished in a ditch. The ground was hard, barren but for reeds and tufts of grass inlaid with dirty snow. Nausea was coming over me, so I put my head between my legs to fight unconsciousness. Sticky sweat oozed from my skin despite the chill, and I feared I was badly damaged.

Weak, palsied, I pushed up. My legs shook, but I was erect. I took a step and crumpled up like a puppet with its strings cut. My Achilles tendons felt torn, and my heels were smashed and swelling fast.

I dragged myself towards a trestle. Though it appeared close, it seemed to take forever to reach it, forever straining toward the light at the end of the tunnel, toward the last sweep of the second hand.

In my dimension of space and time, only agony existed. I was relegated, determined, no more free than an image on an unwinding spool of film.

Under the bridge was a pile of cross ties and a frozen man. He lay face up, his eyes and mouth open. The cold had preserved him well. Though flies had laid eggs in his nostrils and at the corners of his lips, he was unmolested by other insects.

There was some canned heat in his knapsack, and I used it to set one of the ties burning. The flames made black smoke but warmed me well.

The body was stiff, but I pulled the jacket and shirt from it and wrapped them around my feet, which were double sized and numb. My scalp was throbbing as tiny scabs formed in empty root sockets.

The night passed in a groggy sleep of muscle spasms and coughs. When dawn came, I tried to stand. My heels rebelled at the weight. I fell, facing

the world on hands and knees.

Wind-burned fields lined the tracks. Even had I had the strength, there was no human warmth to which to crawl.

To avoid panic, I constructed a lean-to and adjusted the wood so as to insure a constant fire. By dusk hunger had me. It was an empty, feminine sort of hunger, a vast cavern hollowing at my insides. I began to fear that I too would end a frozen cadaver, a partner to my companion, a mirror image, different, but the same. The thought made me laugh madly, and I sensed that my cognitive processes were loosening.

I stared at the man, whose eyes peered up through the lacework scaffolding. Medical school entered my mind, the dissection lab, its stench of formaldehyde, the surly physiology professor with the mustache, the body assigned to me.

Suzie was her name. She had worked in the rice fields, which were one day sprayed with poisonous defoliants. A consumptive illness had overtaken her as a result, and not a single organ had escaped chemical damage before she died.

Turning my friend over, I wondered what sort of person he had been, what set of circumstances had brought him to where he was, and whether his cosmic view would have included his ending as rations for a hungry traveller.

My knife blade cut a strip from his flank, and sizzling over the fire, it whetted my appetite. The taste was of salted pork. Peaceful and full, my stomach let me sleep.

The cannibalism continued for three weeks. I ate the meat on the hips, legs, and most of the back. The corpse looked quite garrish, shriveled head on xylophone ribs, feet — strange fleshy shoes on stained stilt legs.

The high protein diet aided my healing, and as no bones had been broken, I could soon stand and hobble with the aid of a cane. It was time to set out again.

My unfortunate friend had done me a great service, and I considered burying him. There was no spade, however, and the earth was too hard to dig by hand.

CHARLTON'S CRUSADE

After crossing through some trees, I saw smokestacks on the horizon. Tall, they belched dark clouds which dissipated only far down the wind.

Across a field of snow was a multilane highway. I went toward it, my heels hurting, but moving without the aid of the cane.

The road was paralleled by a fence half again my height. Made of heavy wire woven into squares, it represented quite a barrier. I paced back and forth like a caged zoo animal, anxious to get within range of the passing traffic.

Sharp and cold, the wire bit into my fingers as I drew myself up. The toes of my shoes would not fit into the slots, and my wrists and hands had to hold all my weight. I dangled like an ape, my arm and shoulder muscles tightened and cramped.

Jagged barbs lined the top of the fence, tiny bayonets that promised to spear my flesh if I slipped. Shoving myself upward, I braced for the

long plunge. I fluttered, an oversized bird without wings or feathers, an exotic and useless creature left powerless by the evolution of circumstances.

The fall was quick, an accident happening in the bat of an eye. My feet wanted to land first, but I jerked them back, and took the brunt of the shock on my knees and hands. Fortunately the earth was slushy and sucked me in like a dinosaur in a tarpit.

The ground's wet chill soaked rapidly through my clothes to my skin. I strained and freed myself from the muck, then staggered to the highway, where the wind turned the mud on me to a thick crust.

A sedan stopped. The driver had a sallow complexion and hair on his ears and gave me a hefty handshake. Introducing himself, he asked if I read his newspaper column, *Charlton's Crusade*, adding that I surely had, as it was syndicated all over the country.

As we entered the outskirts of the city, he said that the place was a filthy corrupt cesspool run by hoods and mobsters.

"If you'd have caught my column lately, you'd have found out about Jukebox Eddie Greasonetti," he said, sounding the name as if it was a slander. "He started as a hit man, a hundred a kill. Then he took to shaking down cafe and nightclub owners, holding guns to their head to make them buy his counterfeit records. If they didn't come across, stink bombs went off in their places, windows got broken, and their employees were beaten. It was the cheapest sort of extortion!"

As Charlton continued, the nerves in his face twisted and his lower eyelids quivered.

"When I broke the story, there was a short furor, but Greasonetti paid off the boys in City Hall, and he was never prosecuted. His operation is expanded now, but I think for once he's gone too far. Tomorrow I tell the story of his construction deals."

"He weaseled his thugs in as union bosses, and they wouldn't agree to let the men work unless the building contracts had fixed completion dates with huge penalties for finishing late. That's what happened on the new Charity Hospital. They kept the work going slow by featherbedding, sabotage, and jurisdictional disputes."

The driver cleared his throat and lit a cigarette.

"Now that the deadline's close, Greasonetti's gone in to fix things up for the builders. He says he'll get the men to work faster for a price — a big price! It has to be to pay for his cars, women, liquor, and gambling. He made a mistake though. One of the builders tipped me, and now we've got Greasonetti on tape. He's going to do time for tampering with the poor peoples' hospital. I'm seeing to it!"

Commending him for his work, I asked if he was not in personal danger.

"Threats and bribery attempts get to be a way of life when you're in my racket," he answered. "I get deluxe treatment. One night a pair of hoods drove me through the countryside with cement blocks strapped to my legs, warning me that if I didn't lay off, they'd drop me over a bridge.

They're both in the pen now for that little caper."

The heart of the city was grim as the huge building blotted out what little sunlight there was. Everyone on the streets seemed weatherbeaten, old.

When we found Charlton's favorite restaurant, however, he became very cheerful, talking about how he loved the town and its fine ravioli cooks!

The Mug was chewing gum. He was slim and pale and moved toward us as if looking for a hand-out, though he did not look like a panhandler. "Hey," he called.

Charlton reached into his pocket for a coin. The Mug's arm moved back, then forward slowly, as if he was tossing a satin pillow rather than a glassful of liquid. When the contents splashed into the reporter's face, the Mug stood still, appraising his work, a child discovering its first butterfly.

"I'm on fire!" Charlton screamed, covering his face with his hands. "He threw acid in my eyes! He threw acid in my eyes!"

The acid was highly concentrated because it took but a moment to eat smoking holes in the front of Charlton's coat. Men came out from the restaurant and took him to a couch in the foyer, where he lay, moaning and screaming about not being able to read.

There was much commotion. Some people set out after the attacker, some raced to the telephone, but the majority formed a circle around the victim, jabbered, and wrung their hands. I took a pitcher of water from the bar, pushed my way through, and began pouring it into Charlton's eyes.

A hostile stirring came from some of the on-lookers. "Who does he think he is? Looks like a bum. Maybe he was even the finger man."

A bald man in a red jacket took the water from me. "We're waiting for the cops, Kid," he said. "You might just be making things worse."

"I've been to medical school," I answered. "Please let me help."

"We're waiting for the cops."

I looked around, but there was no sympathy. Charlton's hand went back to his eyes and he kept repeating that he would no longer be able to read.

"Please!" I said again.

The bald man's stare was as hard as granite, so I stood out of the way. People closed in on me with a barrage of questions. I answered that I was ill and pleaded for a toilet.

Holding me by the arm, so I would have no chance to escape, the bald man led me to a room behind the kitchen. I put the latch on the door behind me and pushed open the small window.

Stepping onto the lavatory, I crawled to the outside. I let myself down to an alley full of garbage cans. Careful of the noise, I reached the concrete.

After walking a few blocks, I hid in the shadow of a warehouse.

(to be continued)

Ronnie Jones at Port Isabel.



Tired of being burned by the old folks — then get it on with a different kind of surf shop. The latest in round tails, square tails, and pintails (yes, *pintails*). Single fin, tin fin and three fin designs.

Every style of Mexican threads for brothers and sisters. Trunks, shirts, Hawaiian thongs, pipes, papers, clips, comix, candles, incense, posters and various other psychedelic paraphernalia for your head.

SUREHOUSE

1729 W.34th
OPEN 9 to 9 EVERY NITE.

686-3300

CUSTOM ORDERS AT NO EXTRA COST

SEPTEMBER 7 / PAGE 15

Petrillo

SURFBOARDS
Vari-glass Fins • Foam Company

Now Only
139⁰⁰

REVIEWS

Magazine: New Woman

(The NEW WOMAN, published by Allied Publications, 75 cents per issue.)

"Glorious, secure and together . . . you're so beautiful you can taste it! The ROMANCE of it all, every move you make is perfection! Pared down to SIMPLY FABULOUS, an endless bias of white silk jersey. The dress: pure, flowing shape, by Halston. The only touches of glitter, earrings and rings from D.J.L. Hair, close to the head and neatly curved, held with two tortoise combs, by Eugene of Cinandre. (The shine and gleam via Tame Creme Rinse by Toni.) A last perfection to envelop it all, White Shoulders perfume by Eryan."

With a little help from New Woman magazine, now in its third issue, and the dozens of glamorous products advertised in its glossy pages, the homeliest kitchen drudge can metamorphose into a glorious creature of the ethers, provided she has enough money to pay for her liberation.

In a feature story about journalist Nancy Dickerson, New Woman provides a model for aspiring but not yet liberated women:

"Nancy has just about everything else a woman or a reporter could desire: beauty, money, power, fame. A perfect figure (5'7" and 120 pounds). An extensive wardrobe of clothes designed especially for her by leading fashion designers (she appears frequently on best-dressed lists). An historic country mansion, Merrywood, on the Potomac. A rich, attractive former movie actor for a husband. Five well behaved and photogenic children."

And if that glowing description of new woman's life style is not enough to make a woman pant for a chance at it, New Woman offers one more motivation for "getting with it" — fear.

"The world suddenly seems full of women who are glamorous, exciting, doing, achieving recognition for individual accomplishments. How much more threatening really, than the old-style other woman." New Woman suggests that a job as a mental-health counselor, where a woman's "warmth and intuition" can best find an outlet, is a fine way to protect your man from the anonymous and "threatening" other woman.

New Woman is hip to the commercial value of what has been termed the "sexual revolution" and uses it for all it's worth. The old virtues of weakness, dependence, stupidity, and chastity will never enable a woman to compete effectively on the marriage market.

New Woman is also aware of the feelings of isolation and stagnation that beset many upper and middle class white women for whom the

magazine is geared. And again, New Woman is quick to see how this loneliness can best be exploited.

In an article about the enjoyment women find in each other's company (complete with a color photo of four exquisitely dressed and manicured women reclining on the porch of a country estate) New Woman writes:

"It's a truly grand experience — the smell of freshly cut grass, the feel of a soft summer breeze, the sight of wonderful food alfresco in silver, and china, the taste of champagne from long, reed-stemmed glasses, and best of all, the sound of reckless daring conversation."

Clearly, the "liberated woman" should see being beautiful and cosmopolitan as a full-time preoccupation rather than a part-time duty for her "man." Certainly it is beneficial for the silver, china, champagne and reed-stemmed glass industry.

And New Woman does not forget the plight of the many divorced and older women who could, with some persuasion, be pulled into the lucrative race for a man. There are products for the woman over 40 with their own aura of glamour. "That woman over forty is lucky! . . . that sparkle in her eyes makes her out-class any younger woman . . . Assured, hiding nothing . . ."

"She doesn't approach sex as a dessert like a young girl with all her insecurities, she approaches sex like a whole meal and every young man (of quality of course) is attracted to her . . . Makeup by Alexandra de Markoff. Countess Isserlyn Makeup

No1 Foundation. Tawnyhlande Contour Blende Rouge. On the eyes, Roman Green Shadowcake . . . the mouth, Burnt Almond Lipstick."

For women who are flabby from lack of exercise and nervous from taking care of the kids, New Woman recommends a weekly body massage and tells you where to get one. A housekeeper and nurse for the children is also a necessity for the liberated new woman. The "domestic" will simply have to look in some other magazine to find out about her liberation.

And finally, for the new woman — a new man is created. He "usually has the acumen to order dinner in a restaurant and the class to ask questions if the menu is in Hungarian, and knows how to check in and out of a hotel without making the lady feel like a one-night stand — even if she is. He can drink at length, or seem to, without getting sloppy, and he tips well — only to the people who actually did something for him."

The evaluation of prospective husbands becomes so explicit that New Woman actually rates them on a point basis. A "positive personality — dynamic hut gentle, self-assured hut warm" is worth 50 points. Dressing well is worth 20 points. A "good (lucrative and interesting) job" is worth 100 points and so on. If a man scores from 600 to 799 points out of a possible 800 he is a good catch.

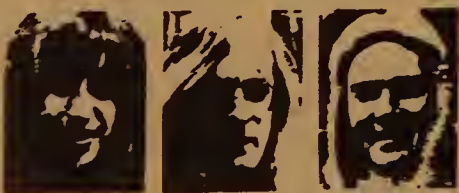
And if you paid 75 cents for this magazine, you got caught too.

— Liberation News Service

Apple 1835

GOD SAVE US
ELASTIC OZ BAND

OZ
OBSCENE!
BUT WHY THE
FEROCIOUS
SENTENCES?



NEVILLE ANDERSON THE JUDGE
Fury as three editors are jailed
Daily Mirror

OUTCRY AS OZ EDITORS ARE JAILED
Labour MPs attack 'act of revenge' Daily Telegraph

FURY OVER OZ JAILINGS

Angry MPs join the wave of protest

Oz sentences —
Labour MPs sign protest

MPs condemn OZ
gaolings as 'Establishment
revenge'

The Guardian

Demonstrations and protests
against 'Oz' jail sentences

The Times

'Shocked
MPs
protest:
It looks
like
revenge

1835 Apple

GOD SAVE US
ELASTIC OZ BAND

COMMENT

Personal reactions —
Kenneth Tynan, of "On the Waterfront": "Bottle has been joined between Judge Argyle, England and a Free England."
Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, TV campaigner: "It is a very good thing that the law has been drawn."
John Leeson, called it all "disgusting fascism."
Lord Soper thought the verdict was right but the sentence "savage."
Ringside Anna, author, member of Lord Longford's committee on pornography: "My instinct is to cheer anything that is done to happen to this unscrupulous law. At the same time, however, should be sent to prison for obscenity — whatever that is."
John Trevelyan, former Labour MP: "I have seen Oz and I don't like it. But I think the sentences are much too severe in relation to the offences."
John Brainer, author, said he had no sympathy with Oz, but "I don't see why these people should be singled out for this severe treatment."
Wick Jagger: "If there has been a moral, criminal summit to discuss police and the law, the organisations joined in —
National Council for Civil Liberties: "The sentences are unjust and vindictive."
The Young Liberals described it as "a sordid and unrelenting little political trial."
The Maudslayi Society of Conservative Lawyers said the case was "a gross abuse of the law and the courts."

Apple are donating royalties on this record to the Oz Obscenity Fund

STORM OVER OZ SENTENCES

Daily Mail

Krackerjack & Rat Creek

The flaming Groovies and Tumbleweed were cancelled out of Liberty Hall last weekend. The trouble lay with Frontier Talent, their agents who just couldn't get it together. There was some money the Groovies were supposed to be fronted by the record company, but it hadn't come, but they'll be there, but some of the members have left the band, etc. . .

So, Mike and Ryan pulled out, wrote off their posters (\$100 worth), radio spots and other publicity and landed what turned out to be an outstanding pair of groups: Rat Creek and Krackerjack. The last minute change kept the crowd down on Friday, but by the next evening the word had gotten around.

Rat Creek and their unique maze of instruments performed first. Truly astonishing. The woods are so full of bands who haven't even mastered the basic rock instruments; Rat Creek are experts on 13 different instruments. They utilize nine mikes, tambourines, wood blocks, acoustic and electric guitars, banjo, piano, drums, violin, 12-string, steel guitar, cello and bass, to avail themselves of a staggering amount of musical possibilities.

The band doesn't miss a chance. Each member plays at least two instruments; each member sings. Their selections embrace a variety of styles and moods and are all done well; each tune calls for a different musical array and each rewards the listener in a different way.

A concert is distinguished by its highlights; there are usually a few outstanding moments in each band's per-



Rat Creek at Liberty Hall. Photo by John Lomax

formance. Rat Creek however just plays highlights all night long. The richness of the sound is unrivaled by any group I've heard. They achieve a full sound without brass; they don't blare but glitter and shine. They have the flat-out-joy of Poco, the wizardry of the New Riders, yet a style, precision and versatility all their own.

(See the chart accompanying this article to see who did what.)

They play old favorites such as Guy Clark's "Hill Country Blues," "Casey Jones" (cocaine version), "Darkness, Darkness," "Baby Won't You Allow Me One More Chance," along with their own work like "Mockingbird," "Going to the Stockyards," "Cork," "Texas," "Don't Pass That Bottle Brother," and other infectious ditties.

*Don't pass that bottle brother
The night has just begun
We'll put our hopes together
And watch the Rising Sun*

You get a three ring circus feeling while watching all Rat Creek lays down. In fact, the incredible variety and performance leave the listener overwhelmed. There is just too much to grasp. They get your feet to tapping and all of a sudden you find yourself singing along to a song you're just hearing for the first time.

It hasn't exactly been a bed of roses for Rat Creek. They've played sets at apartment party rooms at places like the Orchard . . . "That was 'oo weird a crowd. They'd keep coming up to you in the middle of a tune and pull on your arm asking to hear Grand Funk or the Supremes. They asked why we played all that 'kicker' music. We were going to play six weeks at the Winchester. We went out there tucked into short hair wigs and with cowboy hats and they still had three bodyguards around our table. I'd forgotten there were people like that still around. We played the Old Quarter one night with 100 or so pack-

Cont. on 18

MUSIC

Rat Creek

WHO

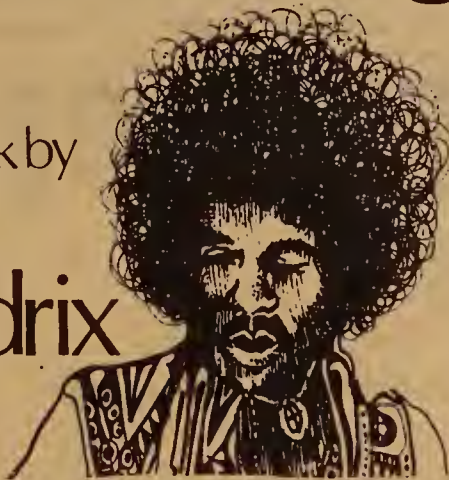
Ron Jackson	2,10
Bob Roberts	1,3,9
Don Jackson	3,9
Pete Gorsch	6,8
John Sayles	4,5,7,9
Monty Long	5,9,11
Louie Leonard	Sound Console

WHAT

1 piano	7 banjo
2 steel guitar	8 cello
3 elec. bass	9 acoustic guitar
4 violin	10 electric guitar
5 12-string	11 wood blocks, maracas, etc.
6 drums	

rainbow bridge

sound track by
jimi hendrix



A new type of surfing movie filmed on the island of Maui in Hawaii.

**shamrock
cinemas**

7017 S. Main St.
Houston Tx. 77005

for show times
call 666-1546

German Auto Service
3000/MILAM
(By Elgin)

Non Rip-Off Prices 524-2011 Ask for Larry

ZONE 6



SLACKS AND JEANS

1216 WESTHEIMER
(NEXT TO BUDGET TAPES)
11 AM - 9 PM. MON. - SAT.
~ 522-4592 ~

Cont. from 17

ed in there. They were standing on the bar."

They finished off Friday with a medley that kept changing tunes and getting faster and faster. The audience was completely stoned on the brilliance of Rat Creek and simply demanded another song. This is a group to watch. I haven't had such fun in a long time.

Krackerjack has a basic electric lineup of drums, lead, organ, bass and vocal. They work within a blues-hard rock framework built around Bruce Bowland's voice and John Stahaley's leads. Bowland has a classic rock style reminiscent of Robert Plant. He has the same urgent hysteria and the group moves at the Zeppelin's frenzied pace through a set of mostly original songs.

A singer with the range Bruce has can use his voice as a lead guitar and there are spots where Krackerjack creates this sound. Mike Kindred on piano has had experience with the Mystics in Dallas. Bruce also performed with them while drummer Red Turner and bass Tommy Shannon were two thirds of Johnny Winter when he broke into fame. Red more or less leads the crew and it is his nimble, driving drumming that keeps their insistent rhythm.

Krackerjack can really get wound up. As all good bands do, they build up as they go; the high volume means a large energy output and a heavy sound. They take off especially on the solos by John and leave you with a wonder that only five can create such a wall of sound.

"Chicken Slacks" usually concludes their set. It is their high point and features a stuttering, ascending vocal, schussing lead chords and choppy organ. There is a vocal audience interplay and a fine stage per-

formance by Bruce. He has all the moves rock singers use when they don't play an instrument and aren't singing. He is a very sinuous sort; he prances around, contorts and gets in there with John as the latter picks out his screaming leads.

The band could profit by going into straight blues for some slower numbers. It's really tricky to keep such a high energy level going; besides that, it keeps the tension on the audience. They have the personnel to work into some classic organ, guitar, voice blues and should try to work some up to round out their sound.

A solid show for Liberty Hall. Krackerjack is exciting and solid and Rat Creek, well they're just the best group in sight.

Wishbone Ash is next — the 8th (Wednesday) and 9th (Thursday).

— John M. Lomax

Movies: Walkabout

In Australia economic necessity forces aborigines to turn their sons out when they reach 17, and they learn to survive off the land. *Walkabout* deals with an aborigine who meets a white teenage girl and her younger brother in the desert. While the aborigines turn their sons out in love, the white father, evidently demented, drives his daughter and son into the desert, tries to kill them, fails,

and eventually kills himself. Evidently the film is saying that white parents are failing at preparing their children to survive life's dangers.

The story deals with the relationships between the aborigine and the white girl and boy. The young boy quickly finds a way to communicate with the almost naked black teenager. They talk by a sign language. The white girl, however, is beset with sexual ambivalence toward the aborigine. He admires her but she rebuffs him and this leads to a tragic ending.

The photography is excellent. The camera sneaks up eye level to the animals of the desert. The shots of the aborigine hunting with a spear are realistic and sometimes gruesome.

But the film does not come to grips with white girl/black man relationship. The story touches gingerly on this tabu subject. While the black aborigine is sincere and direct in his feelings, the white teenager is seen as a stiff, snobish girl, wanting to be warm but afraid to.

The aborigine can not, even when he tries in the film, adapt to white people. He is doomed. White hunters kill efficiently, needlessly, the game in the desert. His two white friends are glad to leave him to return to civilization. His world has changed too quickly. So the aborigine ends his life.

Maudlin, unbelievable. The script writer shows he knows more about white people than he does about aborigines. Not that I do either. But it would appear that if an aborigine could survive in the desert, he could easily survive the few crises shown in the film. The photography, if not the story, is believable, and for that, the picture is worth seeing.

— Mike Zee

Unman, Wittering, and Zigo

UNMAN, WITTERING AND ZIGO. A Paramount release of Mediarts Production, in association with David Hemmings. Produced by Gareth Wigan, directed by John Mackenzie, screenplay by Simon Raven, based on Giles Cooper's play. Starring David Hemmings, Carolyn Seymour, Anthony Haygarth. Rated GP at Windsor Cinerama.

The Headmaster points to an awesome painting and tells the new young teacher, "that man made Chantry the school it is today and his motto, 'obedience is the child of authority' is strictly followed here."

That psychological relationship of obedience and authority — that's what *Unman, Wittering and Zigo* is all about.

A social psychological drama, the film focuses primarily on how arrogant abusive authority in a British school breeds a slavish relationship between Master and student. (Master is the British term for teacher, but it's other meaning is startlingly relevant to authority/obedience relationships.) Repression breeds rebellion. Playwriter Giles Cooper emphasizes this when he puts abusive power in the hands of Fifth Form students and they enslave their teacher to do what the students want.

Played brilliantly by David Hemmings, the master gradually changes from a no-nonsense authority in his class to an indifferent servant of the wishes of his students. The students make this transformation by con-



HEAD SHOP ONE

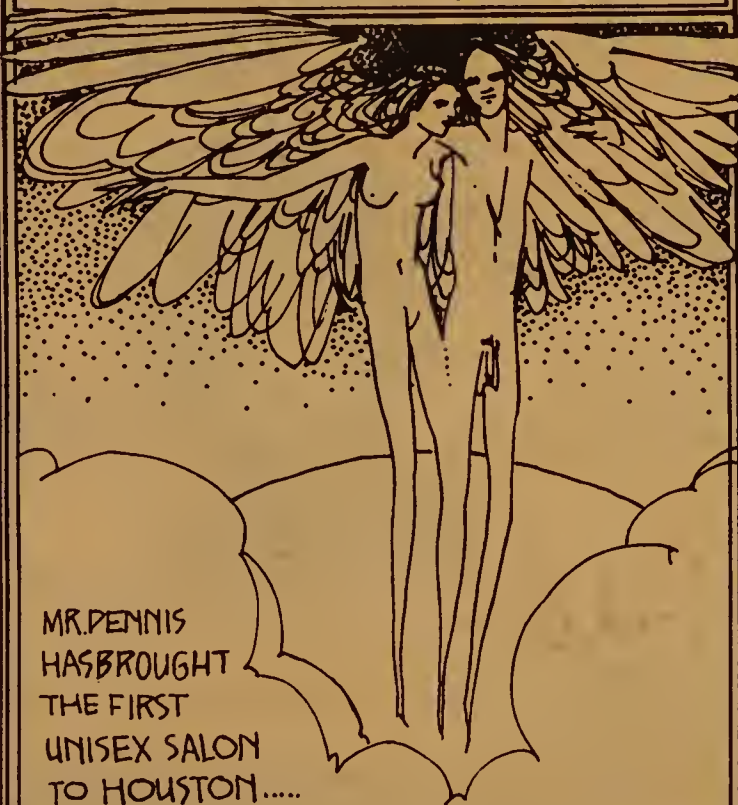
THE GRASS HUT

POSTERS • COMICS • PUPES
WALL TAPESTRIES • PAPERS
CLOTHING • SPACE CITY!

MONDAY-FRIDAY 12-10 • SATURDAY 12-6

1200 W. ALABAMA 522-2571

ZINI SEX



MR. DENNIS
HAS BROUGHT
THE FIRST
UNISEX SALON
TO HOUSTON.....

FOR THE REALLY RIGHT WAY HAIR COULD LOOK
NON-RIPOFF PRICES • NO APPOINTMENT NEEDED

MR. DENNIS

2727 FONDREN • IN FONDREN SQUARE

781-2082

vincing Hemmings they murdered their former master. They also tell their teacher his new job is in jeopardy if their parents complain to the Headmaster. Finally the students tell Hemmings he and his wife can expect the same treatment given the murdered master — unless a modus vivendi is reached.

When Hemmings tells his wife, she says "they are pulling your leg." The Headmaster does not want to believe it either. He is more concerned about the image of the school that a murder investigation would bring. Only a fellow master believes Hemmings. They decide to play a waiting game, hoping to find the ring leader and put him in jail. They do find out and the conclusion is startling, but valid. But Hemmings states in the end, it is not as important to find out who originated the murder scheme, but more necessary to understand why it happened. Here the playwright properly puts the motivation in a social-psychological context.

This is what makes the film valuable. Social relationships in the school were dominated by dictatorial authority. It was a way of life. It started from the top, the Headmaster's superior view toward the masters, and it crept into the classroom. The students learned that power brings obedience. Mutual control, mutual respect in human relationships were absent. So when the Fifth Form seized control, they made their teacher a slave. They manipulated him as a means to an end. He taught enough for them to enter universities, not knowledge for knowledge's sake. The students told the teacher to give them higher than usual grades because grades are passports to better places.

Missing in this relationship was a democratic authority where the teacher and students give and take, learn from each other, share information. Instead, at the Chantry school the

master maintains a "Sir" position over his pupils.

Interestingly, the film shows Hemmings' wife to be stronger in integrity than her husband. She refuses to be intimidated by the students. Even when they are stripped naked, threatening to gangbang her, she asks "Who thinks he is man enough to be the first one?" This causes a series of events that bring the film to a quick conclusion.

The film succeeds. It shows how dictatorial authority can pervade all human relationships and the evils that result if it is unchecked. Worth seeing and thinking about.

— Mike Zee



Richie Havens

Everyone sat there in that other part of Roy Hofheinz' immortal soul, the Pavilion where the University of Houston Corp. plays its basketball games and waited for the minstrel of our time, Richie Havens. He came that night to the cold field house following a comedian who told jokes for the folks in Duluth. He called himself Albert Brooks and was very sincere, if not funny. He tried like hell and made it sometimes but not most

of the time. There was nothing incisive about his material, poor choice for a college gathering of people who had come to see minstrel Havens. He told jokes that would have made our fathers laugh and he banged the head of his puppet on the mike which everyone knows is the funniest thing he could have done. It must have been — he did it continuously.

Then finally he left for an intermission and it got dark again and out strolled Havens. He slid out to the front and started his incredible head shaking, soft toned rap. He lectures like a sage, but aren't minstrels supposed to say it all in song?

Or is that for other people? Maybe, but even when he sang he did other people's stuff which is not really bad because it was soothing and soft. However, it all started to blend together due to Haven's basic strumming patterns and the continuous little runs his guitar player wove through every song. Still, it was the rap that Havens relied on. Talk about words. Responsibility was really the ability to respond. Understand was stand-under, to lend support. The present you used to say in school, to prove you were there, was pre-sent, by your parents. Havens also put in a word about owning things. "The only ground a man can cover is about 11 or 12 inches when he's standing up. Of course he can cover more when he lies down, but then he would be unprotected, so he doesn't do that very often."

Havens was no fool. All night long he talked us into a semi-stupor and for an ending roared out with "freedom." The people finally got to stomp and clap their hands which was what they had wanted to do all night. They shouted, shook and when it ended they shouted for more. Bore us to death again Richie, the minstrel of our time, owner of Stormy Forest productions, bore us, try to be a black Blondell to our Richard the Lionhearted dreams of remaking the world.

— John Carroll

DO YOU WANT MONEY?

sell
SPACE CITY!
for
CASH & PRIZES!!

LOVE? COSMIC TRUTH?



Space City! vendors are cool, groovy, with-it, keen-o, neat, righte'ous, have correct politics, and wash behind their ears. You can sell Space City!, make good bread, and spread the good word. Check the VENDOR BOX on page two of this issue for information on where to get papers and how to become a 100-clubber!

WISHBONE ASK

WITH DENIM

LIBERTY HALL

SEPT. 8 & 9 WED. & THURS.

8 P.M. SHOW ~ NO AGE LIMIT ~ NO BEER
11 P.M. SHOW ~ 21 YR. AGE LIMIT ~ BEER & WINE

TICKETS ~ \$2 prior ; \$3 at the door
on sale at: BUDGET TAPES and RECORDS,
GRASS HUT, TURTLE NEWS, POTLUCK (U of H)

Come on 4 John Baldry ~ Sept. 21-22
Atomic Rooster ~ Sept. 24-25

ART by Maude & Larrel



2047 Marshall

Bring This Coupon

place pigalle

JA 8-4847

(Across from Alabama Theatre)

Lounge & Garden

FREE Olde Time Movies

Every Night - FREE

With This Ad - Draught Beer 30 ¢ a mug, \$1.50 pitcher - except Monday nights. Save This Coupon!


Every Monday Night - Full Length Features in Beer Garden - W.C. Fields - Old Westerns

WE HAVE VANS

Tommy's
Tipton's

Southwestern Motor Sales

Houston's
Largest
Selection



Also clean
used
cars

Buy • Sell • Finance

6426 Bellgire
772-2711

tea-shirts
for \$2.95..

ZAP COMIX
+ others...
SPACE CITY
and others.

747-0959

WATER BEDS	19.95
PAD	7.95
FRAME + LINEN	33.90

COMBINATION
SPECIAL
10 YEAR
GUARENTEE

\$56.00

Free 114
Jelly Beans

established 1940 or thereabouts

3814
WHEELER
of
U.H.

trade your
old 8-track
tapes for
\$1.95...
also LP's
and 45's
for sale...

• CHEAP •

patches,
pipes,
posters,
papers(is)
etc. . .

OPEN MONDAY - THURSDAY 10-10
FRIDAY - SATURDAY 10-2 A.M. (for unsleppy heads)

STUDENT & FREAK DISCOUNTS..

Justice Meted Out

Fred Hampton/ LNS



Cont. from 7

came out the same day as Police Supt. Conlisk's investigation acquitted the raiders of any wrong doing.

The next investigation by a special county coroner's jury was sworn in on Jan. 6, 1970. Twelve days later it returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

People refused to stop questioning the official version.

It had already been suggested that Hanrahan had deliberately misled the press. On Dec. 10, the Chicago Tribune published the state's attorney's exclusive account of the raid, complete with pictures that, according to Hanrahan, "conclusively proved the Panthers opened the battle by firing a shotgun blast through the apartment door."

Other Chicago papers within hours printed enlargements of one of the official pictures of a kitchen door in the apartment, enlargements that showed the "bullet holes" in the door actually were rusty nailheads.

Hanrahan then presented his side to the public on Dec. 11. He staged a re-enactment of the raid starring nine other raiders and aired it on television.

The special federal grand jury began its hearings in January, 1970.

On May 4, 1970, the first hint of any wrongdoing hit the front pages. Conlisk demoted three top police officials, criticizing them for their roles in the investigation of the raid.

On May 15, 1970, the federal grand jury released a 234-page report. Everyone involved in the raid was criticized, including the news media.

The federal grand jury found evidence that between 83 and 99 shots were fired by the police and only one by the nine occupants of the apartment.

The jury returned no indictments.

The Chicago Council of Lawyers, the American Civil Liberties Union and Businessmen in the Public Interest called for yet another grand jury and a special prosecutor to conduct it.

Hanrahan filed a petition opposing the creation of such a grand jury. He later publicly withdrew his opposition.

June 27, 1970, Joseph A. Power, presiding judge of the criminal court (another political appointee of Daley's) named Barnabas Sears as special prosecutor.

Hanrahan opposed the appointment.

On Dec. 7, 1970, the special grand jury was sworn in.

The jurors had voted true bills against a number of people including Hanrahan and had attempted to return them as an indictment before Power on April 22.

Power refused to accept the indictment and ordered the jury to hear testimony from Hanrahan and others who had appeared before the federal grand jury but not before the county grand jury. Hanrahan had declined to appear before the county grand jury earlier.

On April 26, before Power, Sears agreed to bring Hanrahan before the grand jury but refused to subpoena the other witnesses, saying they had nothing to add to testimony already heard.

April 26, a defense attorney filed a petition asking that the grand jury be dismissed because it had been "tainted" by published accounts of the controversy. He also charged that Sears and his assistants had improperly "pressured" the jurors to reach the indictments.

Sears appealed to the Illinois Supreme Court and on June 23, the high court gave Power the authority to interview the jurors as a group to determine whether they had been tainted.

Power immediately ordered the indictment suppressed, pending on his ruling on charges that the indictment had been illegally obtained.

On June 25, the grand jury submitted again an indictment to Power.

Hanrahan then asked Power for permission to make a public statement and Power scheduled Aug. 20 for the state's attorney's day in court.

The Supreme Court intervened again. The defense attorney for three of Hanrahan's assistants won an order that prevented Hanrahan's statement.

Hanrahan then went to the Supreme Court. He submitted petitions asking the justices to order the indictments suppressed indefinitely pending the outcome of an extensive investigation by Power.

The petitions were denied.

On Aug. 24, 1971, Hanrahan and 13 others were indicted, not for the murders but for conspiracy to obstruct justice.

Over two years had passed before the indictments were brought. The maximum penalty for this crime is one to three years and/or a \$1000 fine. (The penalty for being black and robbing a gas station of \$70 is life.)

The wheels of justice (?) do indeed turn slowly.

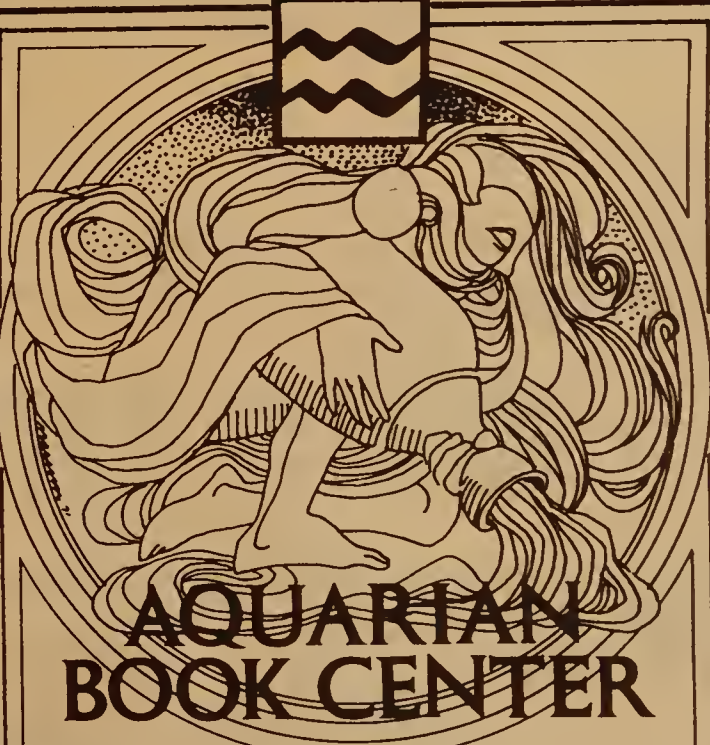


**HAIR IS A
BEAUTIFUL
THING
WE
LOVE
LONG HAIR
TRUST US
WITH
YOURS...**

styles \$2.25... hair-trimmed \$1.00

NORRIS of HOUSTON
• BARBER COLLEGE •
10330 eastex freeway

HOURS: M-F 10-8 SAT 9-6
• closed wednesday •
697 - 2958



**AQUARIAN
BOOK CENTER**

Still in stock:

THE CULTIVATORS HANDBOOK
OF MARIJUANA
TOWARDS AQUARIUS
by V. Reid

DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS
by J. Cirlot
On Sale, Reg. \$12.00, now \$3.98

REMEMBER BE HERE NOW coming soon.

Open 10 am - 10 pm everyday except Sunday

508 Louisiana 223-6324

Tickets

Tickets for all Liberty Hall shows and the Allman Brothers are available at **TURTLE NEWS**, 712 1/2 Fairview. (See our ad elsewhere in this issue for details.)

KCOH & R.J. Rausaw Presents
The Incomparable

ISAAC HAYES

HOPKINZ PAVILION • FRI. SEPT. 10 • 8:30 P.M.
Tickets at Brook Meys Music Stores, Jerry's Men's Shop in the Rice, The Workmen's Store 418 Milem and Houston Ticket Service, 228-0006

Res. Seats: \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00



THE
GOOD KARMA
GARAGE



VOLKSWAGON SPECIALISTS
FOREIGN & AMERICAN CARS TOO

2909 BRAZOS • 523-5330

ADDED BONUS • MOTORCYCLES REPAIRED • FACTORY TRAINED

THE RAT HOLE

YOUR COMMUNITY
HEAD SHOP

1 p.m. - 1 a.m.
TILL 2 a.m. ON
FRIDAY & SATURDAY

CLOTHES
POSTERS
PAPERS &
PIPES

KING SIZE
WATERBEDS 19.95
20 GA



2
4
7
4
T
I
M
E
S
B
L
V
D

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't; we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

TRYING to get together experimental progressive music organization. If you play jazz or progressively inclined sax/flute, very laid back tenchical guitar (jazz licks), or keys, call Duke Davis before 5:00 at 523-6905 or Tom Wells after 5:00 at 643-6905.

GOING TO OHIO & states in between. Need riders to share expenses. Leave Sept 16. Rip, 781-5434

16 1/2" VIOLA and accessories w/microphone, \$400. Upright piano, \$100. One free kitten. Call Michael Splar, 667-6970, or 498-6210 after 6.

RIDE NEEDED urgently to New York sometime in Sept. Will share gas & expenses. Call 667-1942, after 9 pm.

HOME DESPERATELY NEEDED for girl, 19, & 2 cats. Can pay up to \$75 a month. Call 747-1504.

WANTED: Five or 10-speed bike at a cheap price. Call 877-4198 in Houston or (713) 569-5154 in Nacogdoches.

BOGEN 100 amplifier, case and necessary speaker cords included, \$50, 456-9824.

'65 VW. Fast back. Rebuilt engine. Trans-axle, \$750. 528-4811, Jim or Bob.

FOR SALE: Allied 3281 T Solid state PA amp, Shure Unishere mike & stand, & 2 argos 1060 speaker columns (F/small aud.) Call Cass at OR2-8251.

TIM HAYES needs a brain operation. Tim Hayes Fund c/o Mike Travis, 987 Myrtle St. NE no.1, Atlanta, Ga. 30309.

WILDER AMPLIFIER 250 watts, 1 year old, good condition. Retail \$895. Will sell for \$550. Mark, 774-4275. Call for more details please.

NEED CLEAN, concerned, reliable freak to care for my 6 mo. old hippy child in my apt. A/c, \$20 wk. & natural food. No addicts! Call Betsy, 741-0050.

FREE: Cute male puppy. Can't keep due to too many animals. Call Pat at 442-4618 after 4:00 weekdays.

NEED RIDE to New Mexico. Call Eddie Kinney between 8-5 pm. 227-8378. (Phone number in last SC! was wrong.)

FOR SALE: 12 string Regal guitar for \$100, or best offer. I'm buying a Martin. Al — 1824 1/2 W. Main no.1, 529-7148.

WANTED: Lead guitarist, sax or fluteman for progressive band. Monroe 529-7148 after 4:30.

AQUARIAN MEDITATION Society proudly presents its official newspaper "Equinox" available free at head shops, health food stores, etc. If you can't get one, write: PO Box 53328, Houston, Tx. 77052, for your free copy.

WANT TO BOOGIE? \$100/wk & tips. Tequilla A Go Go, 3512 Chimney Rock & SW Fwy.

FOR SALE: 10-speed bike (Columbia). Leaving town and need money. This bike is not hot! \$80. Cathy, 464-7181.

CON SURFBOARD, 7'4". Sell \$90 or trade for 10-speed bike, minibike, or car FM multiple. No junk. Call Al, 673-5680, 3:30 to 4:00 pm or after 10 pm.

1967 CITROEN 2CV. Good condition. Tim, 667-8132.

FOR SALE: Men's bicycle, 2-speed Schwinn, \$20, 666-2069. Don. Also model airplane equipment for sale.

NEED TO SELL — Bogen PA System, two 12" speakers, 200 Amp. For more info, call Joe, 223-0623.

ANYONE KNOWING whereabouts of Rick, Margaret or Gypsy, please contact Robin at 811 Ross no.2.

RIDE WANTED TO NYC. Call Larry at (512) 653-1160.

FOR SALE: Bing Twin Fin 5'5" good condition. \$80.00. Call Tony at 643-2468 (leave message).

PLANNING TO COME to Houston area & need job. I'm taking auto mechanics, know farm and ranch work, gardening, carpentry, etc. Mike Groom 626541 A-327, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

BUSTED!



WE GET FREAKS
OUT WITH A
LITTLE HELP
FROM THEIR
FRIENDS.....

5 MILE HIGH BONDING • 222-1550
ANYTIME BROTHERS & SISTERS

GAY LIB DANCE

VERNELL PRATT
& THE SOEUR QUEENS
a gay women's band from Austin

EVERYONE INVITED
Sept 11 8-12 pm
Houston Room, UH Univ Center
\$1 admission

Day Care (for kids)

A non-coercive day care center has been established in the Montrose area, open to kids age one to six. Activities include swimming, field trips, picnics and active participation in children's exhibits and media programs. The atmosphere of freedom at the center stimulates the children to express their natural abundance of creativity and imagination.

The center is now open 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekdays. Costs are \$15 a week, \$3 a day. Meals are provided. Parents with two or more children can get monthly rates. Come by 5003 Austin, or call Diane Townsend at 692-9527.

SPACE-IN

RADIO

PACIFICA KPFT-FM 90.1
Sun thru Thurs — **LIFE RAFT**, Jeff Shero stays up all night, so why shouldn't you? So does Hayseed and lots of other left-ows, Sun, 11 pm-6 am; Mon-Thurs, 10 pm-6 am.
Mon thru Fri — **WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARISE**, You have nothing to lose but your minds, Hardhat Ouffy sets the morning aflame with outasight station 10's, 6 am-9 am.
Mon thru Fri — **GREAT AMERICAN MID-WESTERN TOUR**, This one is guided by Left Handed Louie from Alaska, 1 pm-4:30 pm.
Mon thru Fri — **LIFE ON EARTH**, Houston's most complete daily newscast, with Gary Thiher, Maddog and the rest of the Kpffft newshounds, 6-7:15 pm.
Wed — **HOUSTON CITY COUNCIL** — live, starting at 10 am.
Fri — **MAGGIE'S FARM** — commentary on the downfall of the empire with Nancy Simpson, 7:15 pm.
BY THE WAY: Pacifica is Houston's only noncommercial, free speech radio station. And the only way it can keep going is thru listeners' subscriptions. Call 224-4000 for info.
KAUM-FM 96.5
Sun — **SENSE OF BEING**, Explorations in human consciousness hosted by KAUM's Cy Statum & Dr. J. Robert Spiegel, director of Houston's Aquarian Meditation Society, 10 am.
KLDL-FM 101
Daily — consistently good sounds, occasional interesting features, less substantive news than KAUM.
Sun — Bill Narum, better known for his graphic skills, does his verbal thing from noon till 6 pm.

MOVIES

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER
(5601 S. Braeswood)
All screenings are at 8 pm in the Kaplan Theater of the JCC. Tickets are \$1.75 (\$1.25 for JCC members.)
Sept 7 — **THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY**, Clint Eastwood, Eli Wallach
Sept 8 — **SWEET CHARITY**
RICE U. MEDIA CENTER
(Located in the middle of the stadium parking lot; take the University Blvd, entrance to the campus). Institute for the Arts Film Series is beginning another big year. All screenings are at 8 pm.
Sept 10 — **BASIC TRAINING** by Wiseman, and **GIE FILM** by McDougall
Sept 11 — **PAS DE DIEUX** by MacLaren
Sept 12 — **THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE** and **WAR GAME**, both by Watkins
UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON
Sept 7 — 7:30 pm — **MARAT/SADE**, a very fine film production of Peter Weiss' superb play. Arnold Hall Aud. No. 2, 50¢.
Sept 8 — 7 and 10 pm — **THE WILD BUNCH**, a trifle violent and a lot sexist (not pornographic, sexist), but if you can handle that it's a pretty good flick. Oberholzer Ballroom, 75¢ (also Sept 9 at 8 pm)
Sept 10 — 8:00 pm — **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, Library Auditorium. FREE, FREE
NEW FILMS IN TOWN
SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAAADASS SONG — Mixed reports on this, the magnum opus of talented black director Melvin van Peebles, but certainly well worth seeing. At the Metropolitan.
SUMMER OF '42, **CARNAL KNOWLEDGE**, **ON ANY SUNDAY**, **HARRY KELLERMAN**, **OOO AND WALKABOUT** are all still in town — all worth seeing. No detailed hype this week.

THEATRE

FONOREN ST THEATER
(Fondren at Daffodil)
LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC — Exciting and provocative production of former off-Broadway rock musical by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford. Directed by Phil Oesterman. Tues-Sat, 8 pm; Sun, 7:30 pm. Prices, which were somewhat prohibitive, have been lowered. On Fri & Sat, all seats \$4, students \$3; Tues-Thurs, \$3, students \$2. 783-9930.
AESOP'S FABLES multi-media musical for kids, young & old, Sat & Sun thru Sept. 2 pm, 783-9930.

PLAYWRIGHTS SHOWCASE
WAITING FOR GODOT — An interesting execution of Beckett's master-piece, directed by Roger Glade. Fri & Sat thru Sept. 9 pm. Autry House (6265 S. Main), 524-3168.

CHANNING PLAYERS
DRACULA is to be the Channing Player's fall first. Orector Fred Hinton has cast David Handley as Count Dracula. The show will run Oct 21, 23, 29 & 30 at Channing Hall, 5210 Fannin, 675-3421.

UH DRAMA OEP
THE HOMECOMING by Harold Pinter, to be produced by UH Drama Dept Sept 29-Oct 2 at Cullen Aud, 8:30 pm. A little something to look forward to.

HOUSTON THEATER LAFF OF THE WEEK: Houston's two dinner theaters, Holiday & Windmill, are preparing simultaneous production of the Woody Allen comedy **PLAY IT AGAIN SAM**. Maybe the menus will differ.

TV

Tues, Sep 7 —
6:30 pm — Louis Nizer, well-known liberal defense attorney, talks about current political trials, etc. Ch 8
8:00 pm — U.S. Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who wrote the No-Knock law and worked hard to shaft the Mayday demonstrators, attempts to explain away his crimes. Ch 8
9:00 pm — **CBS NEWS SPECIAL**, Ch 11
Wed, Sep 8 —
7:30 pm — **BDOQUIVARI**, Doug Saka and Sir Douglas Quintet play honky blues. Ch 8
8:00 pm — If Kleindienst wasn't too much for you (see last night) check out William Buckley interviewing the British attorney general. Ch 8
8:00 pm — **ORAL-ANAL-GENITAL ROBERTS HAWAII SPECIAL**, Will the great healer pray away the dread pineapple blight, or will he merely bore you to tears with his wholesomeness? Ch 11
Thu, Sep 9 —
12:25 am — **THE OLD OAK HOUSE**, strictly for the hard-core late-nighters. Ch 11
Fri, Sep 10 —
8:00 pm — **THE BOND**, on NET Playhouse. Woman who has given up a career to keep house for her husband has second thoughts. Understandably. Ch 8
Sun, Sep 12 —
7:00 pm — **JANE EYRE**, George C. Scott and Susannah York star in TV adaptation of Charlotte Bronte's novel. Ch 2
Mon, Sep 13 —
8:00 pm — **PRISON**, a study of American "penal" institutions, centering on the Bucks County Prison in Pennsylvania. I don't trust prison documentaries made by outsiders in co-operation with the wardens, but Channel 8 will probably do better than most stations. Ch 8
Tue, Sep 14 —
6:30 pm — Ralph Nader tells why he became a Consumer Crusader (and how!) Ch 8
9:30 pm — **DRAGNET**, "The LSD Story". Jack Webb does it again. Ch 2
9:30 pm — **ALL IN THE FAMILY**, fall premier of this, the best series on the boob tube. Ch 11
Wed, Sep 15 —
7:30 pm — **BDOQUIVARI**, features singer-guitarist Tim Buckley. Ch 8
9:00 pm — **ROD SERLING'S NIGHT GALLERY**. Ch 2
Thurs, Sep 16 —
7:30 pm — **ORAGON COUNTRY**, NET Playhouse offers two Tennessee Williams plays. Ch 8
10:45 pm — **EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE**, James Mason, Ava Gardner. Ch 11
Fri, Sep 17 —
7:30 pm — **HAMILET**, this is Hamlet, retold in Ghanaian dress by the Institute for African Studies of the University of Ghana. Ch 8
12:35 am — **TRIUMPH OF HERCULES**, flex, flex. Ch 11

ART

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS
(1001 Blissonnet)
JONES GALLERIES — **CHRISTO**, the pop artist who dreams of giant curtains, thru Sept 26.
SCHOOL GALLERIES — Annual faculty exhibition.

MASTERSON JR. GALLERY — Photos of 19th Century buildings in Galveston, taken by photogs Henri Cartier-Bresson & Ezra Stoller.

INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS
TAMARIND: A Renaissance of Lithography — 76 master lithographs, produced at Tamarind Lithography Workshop during its first decade. Rice U Media Center, Univ & Stockton.

FLEA MARKET ART FEST (Milam & Franklin) — Sun, noon to 6 pm, Local artists.

DIMENSION HOUSTON V1 — Judge for the Art League's sixth annual will be Dr. Donald Weismann of the Univ. of Tex. Paintings (limit of 2) are due Sept 8-10. The show will hang Oct 4-24. Pick up entry blanks at 1953 Montrose.

SOUTHWESTERN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY — Watercolor show's coming up, open to Houston area (within 100 mile radius) artists. Submit two entries by Sept 17-18, 723-1985 for more info.

DELUXE — **DELUXE SHOW** in old movie theater, sponsored by de Menils, 40 paintings, sculptures & watercolors. Peter Bradley from Paris Galleries in New York is visiting curator. Mickey Leland is co-ordinator, 3303 Lyons Ave.

ARTIST OUTLET Community Gallery — works by local black artists, 2603 Blodgett.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL SCIENCE (Hermann Park)

ART OF THE ESKIMOS — stone sculptures, petrified whalebone carvings, prints — by Eskimo artists.

MATRIX (2400 Taft) — Paintings and sculpture by Mike Stevens.

JEWISH COMM CENT (560 S. Braeswood) — special exhibition of Israeli artists, in co-operation with the Lim Gallery of Tel Aviv, Israel's largest gallery. Sept 8-Oct 1.

NORMAN ROCKWELL Cover Paintings! Artists' proofs of Saturday Evening Post cover paintings. (Sounds like a Must Miss, but might be interesting to Blah buffs or freaks out for cheap thrills.) Thru Sept at Fannin Bank.

ARX GALLERIES of Austin is putting together a show of black artists for late fall or early spring. Arx folks will be in Houston periodically to view work & talk with artists. Write, call, come or send slides to ARX Galleries, 404 W. 30th St, Austin, Tex. Hours: 1-8 pm, Tues-Sun.

ST THOMAS FILM CIVILISATION — free film presented by St. Thomas art department. Wed & Fri, 3pm; Fri, 7pm, beginning Sept 13 & running thru Oct 25.

OKRA PRESS
The Okra Press, Houston's multi-media quarterly, is still alive and still struggling to distribute the work of local artists who "have grown out of the peculiar mix of times and cultures (space age, old west, new south)" You can subscribe (\$5 - 10/year) or contribute to OP by writing them at Okra Press, 306 W. Drew, Houston, Tex. 77006.

MUSIC

LIBERTY HALL (1610 Chenevert)
WISHBONE ASH — some good music Wed & Thurs, Shows at 8 pm (no alcohol) and 10 pm (no minors). 225-6250.
HOFHEINZ PAVILLION
ISAAC HAYES — Rhythm 'n blues master, also Luther Ingram & 25 piece orchestra. Fri, Sept 10, 8:30 pm, 228-0006.
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR — rock opera comes to town, Sept 11, 8:30 pm; Sept 12, 3 pm.
COLISEUM
ALLMAN BROS BANO plus Little Feat & Cowboy — Presented by Saturn Prods & KAUM, Sun, Sept 26 at 7:30 pm. Tickets \$3, \$4, \$5.
JONES HALL
HOUSTON SYMPHONY, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, 8:30, Sept 14. Also, featuring Benita Valente, soprano, Sept 19 at 2:30 pm & Sept 20-21 at 8:30 pm.

INS & OUTS

BURKE BAKER PLANETARIUM
AQUARIUS is present feature for artificial star-gazers. At museum of Natural Science, Hermann Park.

ICE CAPADES
The ice freaks put on their cool extravaganza, Sept 8-19 (no show Sept 13). At the Coliseum.

FREE FAIR
The free fair is at last here. It will be at 12 noon, Sept 10, on the patio of the University Center of the U of H. All kinds groovy free stuff for you and yours. Be sure to bring a T-shirt or sweat-shirt to be silk-screened by Right-on Randy or Mystical Melinda. And bring something of your own to give away; after all, fair's fair.

PEACE CALENDAR (compiled by HCEVV)

Sept 16 — There is some kind of Chicago anti-war activity planned for this day (Mexican Independence Day) by University of Houston MAYD. I was unable to get the details before going to press, but the Peace Center should know what's coming down. Call 227-1646. Look in next week's Space In for more details. Incidentally, the Peace Center needs people to answer phones, type, write for the newsletter, etc. If you can help (even a few hours a week) call 227-1646. Do it TODAY!

BATTLE OF THE TITANS
At 7:30 pm on Saturday, Sept 11, The U of H Cougars will play the Rice Owls in a historic football epic. Smart money is on the U of H, needless to say, but Rice jocks have been known to do some amazing things. At Rice Stadium.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION
Sept 7 — This fall's first meeting of Women's Liberation will be at 7:30 pm in the U of H University Center. Evelyn Sell of Austin will speak on Psychology of Women's Liberation. Bring your friends.

Sept 28 — **STATEWIDE ABORTION PLANNING SESSION**, Noon at the University Center of the U of H (San Jacinto-Sonora Room). Housing and childcare will be provided.

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN now meets the first Wednesday of every month at 7:30 pm at the Clayton Library Guest House (5300 Carolina). For more information, call 748-5369.

PATHFINDER BOOKSTORE
The Pathfinder Bookstore & Socialist Workers Party Headquarters, located at 6409 Lyons Ave., is having a **GRAND OPENING CELEBRATION** at 8 pm on Saturday, Sept 11. Cocktails, horse doovers, candidates, speeches, and a raffle will be served up for your delectation. Price is \$3/one-person-unit, \$5/two-person-unit, \$1/H.S.-student-or-unemployed-person. Call 674-0612 for reservations. Tell 'em Leon sent you.

GAY LIBERATION
Gay Liberation meets every Tues at 8 pm in the University Center of the University of Houston. Women's Caucus of GL meets every Wed at 8 pm in the Palo Duro room of the UC at U of H. GL conducts a consciousness-raising session every Thurs at 8 pm in the UC at U of H.

UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT
The U of Thought needs volunteers, teachers, and workers for the gala **FALL SEMESTER** starting Sept 27. To volunteer or get more info call 526-5547 or come by 3505 Main.

GEM & MINERAL SHOW
All you geo-freaks prepare to get your rocks off with the 1971 Houston Gem and Mineral Show, Sept 17-19 at the Shamrock Hilton Hall of Exhibits. Open 10 am-10 pm (10-6 on Sunday). Adults \$1, Children 50¢.

A PLEA
Surely there are more ins & outs in this city than ever get into Space In. They don't get into Space In because I (simple soul that I am) don't know about them. If you know of interesting events around and about the Big H, write them down and mail to Space In, c/o Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, 77004, or call 526-6257 and tell us about them. You'll be glad you did.

APOCALYPSE
Rumor has it that the end of the world is at hand. Numerous seers and prophets have set the date, but they differ about the details. If you have any information pertaining to the Last Day, you should send as much documentation as possible to SC! Apocalypse Editor, 1217 Wichita, Houston, Tex. 77004. Correct predictors will receive a handsome prize.

We Need Fiction!

FICTION ISSUE
The Space City! special fiction issue is still in the works. We're just waiting 'til we get enough good stuff! Keep it coming: there's no money in it, but we will reserve your rights. Send manuscripts (typed, double-spaced — keep a duplicate) to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Hous. 77004. Include name, mailing address and phone.

THE ALLMAN BROS. BAND



with
Little Feat
and
Cowboy

TICKETS \$ 3⁰⁰ 4⁰⁰ 5⁰⁰
AT HOUSTON TICKET
SERVICE
CA8-0006

SUN

7:30
P.M.

SAM HOUSTON COLISEUM

SEPT. 26

presented by

SATURN PRODS.

&

KAUM

Advance Tickets Are Also On Sale At:

All 5 **Brook Mays & Turtle News**, 712 Fairview
music stores